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THE SPRAY OF SEAWEED.

NESTLED below the hollow bank,
In the rugged northern land,
Where the breakers leap and the wild winds
sweep
Over the long grey sand;
Where the great tides' ceaseless ebb and flow
Leave curving lines of foam,
Amid rush and sedge, on a rocky ledge,
The fisherman made his home.

Forever through blaze of noonday,
Through midnight's solemn sleep,
Through morn's soft ray, and gloaming grey,
Thrilled the music of the deep;
And the foam-flakes flew on the breezes,
And rested, where sparse and thin,
The grasses shook in the sheltered nook,
As the flood-tide thundered in.

She stands in the lowly doorway,
The girl with the wild blue eyes,
The floating hair, and the startled air,
And the blush that deepens and flies,
Whenever a sudden footstep
Treads the path o'er the turfy down,
Or the bells peal out, or a laugh or a shout
Rings up from the little town.

She goes not with the red-cloaked girls
To the pier at evening tide,
Nor lingers to watch for the herring catch,
On the staithes at the harbor side;
Nor wanders among the sand-hills,
Where the sea-pinks creep and cling,
Nor to lanes where they know the violets blow,
And the merry bluebells ring.

But ever she keeps her vigil
By her father's lonely cot,
With a listening ear — what would it hear?
Fixed eyes, that strain for — what?
And always the frail, soft fingers
Toy with a strange love-token;
A seaweed spray from the rocky bay,
Its trails all dried and broken.

They talk sometimes in whispers,
Among the fisher-folk,
Of a stranger who came with a foreign name,
To win a heart he broke;
And one would tell he watched them,
On the sands-reach by the heath,
And saw him twist, round the curls he kissed,
The sea-bloom's coral wreath.

Fast fled that golden summer.
Oh, many a lonely year,
Through change and loss, through care and
cross,
Has the pale girl wasted here!
For him who wooed, and won, and went,
Fair promise on his tongue;
Nor ever returned to the faith he spurned,
To the heart his falsehood wrung.

Yet still she keeps the seaweed,
That as his pledge he gave,
That happy night, in the soft rose light,
At the margin of the wave;
And ever she waits and watches,
For him who will never more
Trace the winding road, too often trode,
To the cottage on the shore.

And the few life leaves to love her,
No longer strive to win
The wildered brain from the sweet, dull pain,
It so long has wandered in;
Better they think to let her keep
Her poor dim dream of trust,
Till at last at rest, she bears on her breast,
The seaweed and the dust.

All The Year Round.

THE SEA-HORSE.

SEA-MINNOW this with pony's crest,
Just one of Amphitrite's toys,
With which her Nereids coax to rest
The little stormy Triton boys;

In truth, a tiny twisted thing
Which, cast upon that golden shore,
The dark-eyed lads to strangers bring
Where sang Parthenope of yore.

Device befitting sculptured page,
Quaintly with whiffs of song entwined,
Waif from the ebbing tide of age,
A hippocampus of the mind,

Which seeks from out the old and new,
A happy canto to compile,
Whose signs and words around may strew
The soothing of a quiet smile.

Now in the fish some hearts may claim
A symbol ever dear to us;
And some the pony pet, though lame,
A little mule of Pegasus.

Then haste, thou atom of a book,
To young and old with cheery call;
In town or train, or pastoral nook,
Thy message has a word to all.

A Century of Emblems.

"SO WANDL' ICH WIEDER DEN ALTEN
WEG."

So again I am pacing the well-known streets,
The road I so oft have taken;
I come to the house where my darling dwelt,—
How blank it looks and forsaken!

The streets are too narrow, they shut me in!
The very stones of them scare me!
The houses fall on my head! I fly
As fast as my feet can bear me!

HEINE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

HENRI GREVILLE'S SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

A FEW years ago a lady offered a novel to a well-known French editor. He not only refused it, but spoke of it most slightly. "Never, never," said he to her husband who offered him the manuscript, "will any newspaper or review accept any of your wife's writings: if she ever obtains the slightest success in Paris, come and tell me I was mistaken." So discouraged was she by her repeated failures that she was inclined to abandon Paris for St. Petersburg, a city which had more kindly received her literary efforts. Suddenly, as in so many other instances of long-unappreciated talent, a change came. Newspaper after newspaper opened wide its columns. In the year 1876 she published with full success no less than six (long before written) novels, and four more in 1877. At present her position is assured. What the above-mentioned editor now thinks of his outspoken condemnation has never been made public.

For a great many years the professorship of French in the University of St. Petersburg has been held by M. Jean Fleury, the author of a highly successful work on Rabelais.* His daughter, Mlle. Alice Fleury, was educated by him so well that at fifteen she was well acquainted with Latin, English, and Italian. It was when she had attained that age that she accompanied her father from Paris to St. Petersburg, where she spent many winters, generally passing the summers in Russian country houses. Having thus gained a perfect knowledge of Russian life, she began to publish her experiences, the French *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* opening its columns to a series of her novels between the years 1871 and 1876. Meantime she had married M. Durand, a professor of French at St. Petersburg, and had left that city for Paris, which long, in its literary capacity, treated her with the inhospitality described above. Now, however, all is changed, and her fame as a novelist is established under the pseudo-

nym of "Henri Gréville." That name is taken from a hamlet in Normandy, the province from which the Fleurys originally came.*

In a few of Henri Gréville's novels the scene is laid in France. "*Suzanne Normis*" is the record of a father's affection for a daughter married to an unworthy husband. "*Autour d'une Phare*" is the story of a faithless wife's remorse. "*La Maison de Maurèze*" relates the story of a noble and pure-hearted wife who struggles onwards amid many sufferings and leaves them behind her at last. But these stories of French life have not the charm of novelty which renders so attractive those of the author's novels of which the scene is laid in Russia. In the latter all is new and strange. The reader is transported into an unknown land. The landscapes are unfamiliar, the peasants who till the fields or meet together before the village church are different from those of other lands, and even the superior beings who inhabit the seigneurial halls speak and think and conduct themselves in a manner which often offers a sharply defined contrast to that to which we are accustomed in better-known regions. And about these pictures of Russian life there is a singular charm. The splendor of the summer nights, when the glorious moon reveals the landscape revelling in the fresh coolness which has followed the intolerable blaze of the day; the silence of the winter, when the crackling frost goes about seeing that the rivers are well bridged, and the earth well wrapped in snow, and the trees adorned with their crystal gauds; the dull villages, with their dark wooden cottages drawn up in two lines separated by a space of mud in spring, of dust in summer, of snow in winter; the white-walled; green-domed church, and the seigneur's house with its surrounding household buildings and its adjoining wood — all these are brought as clearly before the reader's eyes as they could be in the Russian novels of which he is probably unable to read a line. Then the

* For many of these details the writer is indebted to an interesting and trustworthy article by M. Louis Leger in the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* for last March.

* *Rabelais et ses Œuvres* (Didier).

time-honored customs of the villagers; their half-savage life, but little altered from what it was in the olden days before Peter introduced his reforms, when Russia was warred upon by Lithuanians and Poles, or still earlier when the land lay prostrate beneath the Mongol yoke, or earlier still when it was divided among countless independent princes of Rurik's line, or even earlier in pre-historic times when the Slav immigrants first dotted the country with their village communities and shared the lands they tilled among the fathers of their families; and the easy-going, hospitable manners of the country house, where the superiors used to recline like gods upon their divans careless of the peasant kind who paid them worship and worked wearily for their pleasure; the constant comings and goings, the long drives over the crackling snow in winter, the cheery wanderings on fine summer's evenings beneath the "dreaming" trees, the frequent tea, the gossipings, the flirtations, and the unceremonious visitings—all these things are clearly pictured in "Henri Gréville's" books, and may be clearly realized by all who read them. Let us give an idea of some of the most characteristic.

The darkest picture which they contain is that offered by "*L'Expiation de Savéli*," a record of the fearful sufferings inflicted upon a village community by a tyrannical proprietor in the old days of serfdom. As a general rule the Russian nobles were easy landlords, who treated their serfs with no small kindness, being regarded by their vassals with a respect, even with an affection, similar to that which the Scotch Highlanders entertained for the chief of their clan. But here and there were brutal exceptions, like the Bagrianof of the tale, a domestic tyrant, who ill-used his trembling wife, and gave his mind to making his villagers miserable, sending their sons to Siberia or into the army, and behaving even worse towards their daughters. Long did the peasants suffer under his cruel wrath. At length they rose against him, and one night seized and bound him in his bedroom and prepared to slay him. But he spake them fair,

sware by all that was holy that he would bear no malice, and promised them all manner of advantages if they would let him live. They yielded, trusting to his oaths. But he laughed all his pledges to scorn, and soon the soldiers were called in, and the ringleaders were pitilessly flogged and sent to Siberia. A little time passed, and his wrath fell upon Savéli, a young peasant, who was about to marry the fair village maiden Fédotia. In an ill-starred moment she went to the tyrant to ask for mercy. When she left his house her cheeks were white, her eyes were wild, and, rushing down to the river, she ended her insulted life beneath its waves. Then her betrothed swore vengeance. Again the brutal lord was seized in bed by his peasants, who this time faltered not, and his foul life ended beneath their strong blows. Then they set fire to the house and retired. And in the flames would have perished his wife and child had not Savéli come to their rescue. Years passed by: the tyrant dead, the village flourished, and among others Savéli grew rich, and his son was well educated, and became a handsome and cultured lad, who eventually won the heart of the late seigneur's daughter, the girl whom Savéli had rescued from the flames. Then Savéli felt himself obliged to tell his son the fearful story of her father's death, and how they two must be forever kept apart by the stream of blood which his hand had caused to flow. Till then he had known no remorse for the murder he had committed, but at last his sin had found him out, and, "prostrated before the holy pictures, his head smiting the floor, he passed long hours crying aloud for pardon to the God against whom he had sinned." Nor did peace revisit him till he lay on his death-bed, and the young girl whom he had rendered fatherless pronounced his pardon and made the sign of the cross over the forehead of her father's murderer. "Then a strange joy lighted up the features of the guilty man, and he died."

Lest any one should think the horrors in this story have been exaggerated beyond belief, let him turn to Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," ii. 251, where he will find a reference to the case of a fiend in human

shape, a Madame Saltykóf, who was brought to justice in 1768. In the course of eleven years she had killed by inhuman tortures about a hundred of her serfs, including several young girls of eleven and twelve years of age. But let us turn from this dark realistic picture to the idyllic scenes portrayed in "*Sonia*," one of the most charming of Madame Durand's stories.

General Goréline was a good-natured Russian seigneur, who was kept in a state of chronic subjugation by an imperious and scheming wife. When in the country his principal delight was to smoke long-stemmed pipes, which he was always leaving about in all manner of out-of-the-way places. So there was attached to his service a little peasant maiden, ten or eleven years old, whose chief business it was to recover the stray pipes and bring them back to the forgetful general. A pretty child she was, bronzed of course by the sun, and but scantily clothed, for she was an orphan with none to care for her, but full of life, and running about deftly on feet which, though always bare, were not flat or distorted. The only person besides the general who ever gave her a kind word was the tutor, young Boris Grebof, who had been engaged by the general's wife to spend the summer in the country in order to superintend the education of her exceedingly spoilt child Eugene. With his pupil's sister, the fair and somewhat foolish Lydia, the young tutor of course fell in love, and she, full of romance, and being naturally thrown much into his company, fully returned his young affection. There could be but one termination to such a courtship. The good-natured old general was not disinclined to look favorably on Boris; but when that ingenuous youth asked the general's wife for permission to marry Lydia a terrible scene ensued, which ended in his being ordered to leave the house. He did so, of course, but before he went he asked the general to let him take away with him the little Sonia. For the poor child had been driven away from the house in a fit of passion by the *generalsha*. A pin left in the carpet of her mistress's room had entered one of Sonia's bare feet as she carried a pitcher of water,

and the pain it caused made her forget herself so far as to drop her burden upon one of the generalsha's dresses. The poor child would have been compelled to beg from door to door for a livelihood had not Boris, for whom she had contracted a sort of canine attachment, taken her away with him and consigned her to the care of his mother, an excellent old lady who doated upon her only son. The generalsha strongly objected to this improvement in Sonia's prospects, and ordered her husband to refuse to let her go. But he, for perhaps the first time in his life, had the hardihood to refuse to listen to her imperious voice, and sent away his little pipefinder with a kindly farewell. How happily then went the days of Sonia by when she found herself well clothed, well fed, well cared for in the quiet household of Boris's mother and her three old servants who had lived with her all her life! Into this quiet family circle she entered almost a little savage, ragged and wild and ignorant of all civilized life, astonished at the church services which she had scarcely ever been allowed to attend in her former home, wondering at finding herself no longer cold and famished and aching from cruel blows. It was long indeed before she could be induced to allow herself to be shod, but a word from Boris was enough to persuade her to submit. For his desires were a law to her. She followed him about with her eyes, and, when he left his home for Moscow, her heart was heavy within her as she stood amid the snows watching his sleigh disappearing into the distance. Three years elapsed, and Boris, whose love for Lydia Goréline had never lessened, though it was evidently fated to remain a dream, was recalled home by the news of his mother's illness. He came in time to hear her last words, to pay her the last sad rites, and after he had laid her in the village graveyard, escorted to her last resting-place by the sorrowing peasants to whom she had all her life been an untiring benefactress, he returned to Moscow, taking with him the young Sonia, in whom it was now difficult to recognize the little savage who had run about the Gorélines' domains ragged and barefoot. She had learned much in the interval, and now in

Moscow she taught herself to read and write, working through the long evenings when Boris was absent, to the accompaniment of the monotonous ticking of the cuckoo clock on the wall, till sleep would render dim her weary eyes. At length Boris's relations with Lydia came to a crisis. Determining to marry an elderly general, she demanded back her letters from her faithful lover, an unexpected blow which reduced him to despair. Long he sat alone and heartbroken in his room, thinking of the past, of how he had been treated by her whom he had loved so long and so well. Then Sonia came to the rescue. Standing by his side in the darkening twilight, her arms hanging down straight beside her, her somewhat severe features wearing an air of tender reproach, she told him it was a sin thus to yield to grief, and solace entered into his heart as he listened. Two years later he was completely consoled. Good and steady work abroad had soothed his grief, and he could enjoy life once more. Meanwhile Sonia had grown into womanhood. And with her body her mind had developed, her natural intelligence stimulated by a well-chosen course of study. Scarcely could Boris, when he returned and saw her for the first time after his absence, believe that the graceful girl who stood before him could be the Sonia whom he had saved some seven years before from the sad fate which awaits a homeless orphan. Strange, very strange, did the past seem to him that night, as he gazed from his open window, and listened to the three thousand bells of Moscow proclaiming that Lent was past, and Easter had come, and light and joy were about to take the place of darkness and sorrow. Is it needful to say how the story ends? Methinks not.

As a companion sketch to the charming portrait of Sonia, may be taken that of Dosia, a young Russian girl whose unconventional behavior is long the despair of her aristocratic relatives, but who, under the care of a charming woman who understands how to treat this somewhat fitful being, develops into a heroine worthy to win the hearts of all who see her. The story has already gone into seven editions in France. Nor is it wonderful, for a more attractive figure than that of Dosia has seldom been put upon a novelist's canvas. Perhaps the best way of describing her will be to quote a few lines from the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel." The author of "Waverley," apologizing for the White Lady of Avenel, says to Captain Clutterbuck: "Could I have

evoked an *esprit follet*, at the same time fantastic and interesting, capricious and kind; a sort of wildfire of the elements, bound by no fixed laws or motives of action; faithful and fond, yet teasing and uncertain —" upon which the captain breaks in with: "If you will pardon the interruption, sir, I think you are describing a pretty woman." Of such a kind is Dosia Zaptine. Another noble woman is the heroine of "*Les Epreuves de Raïssa*." Raïssa is the daughter of an old couple, honorable but not aristocratic, who doat upon their only child. Suddenly their happiness is destroyed, their lives are before long shortened, by the horror which comes over them when they learn how she has been treated by a young aristocrat, an officer of the Guard. His friends endeavor to hush up the matter, but she and her father persist in crying for vengeance, and at last the matter comes to the knowledge of the emperor, who behaves somewhat as did our James the First in the case of Lord Dalgarno and the Lady Hermione. Count Gretskey is ordered to make Raïssa his wife, and is then sent to Siberia. Raïssa finds herself a countess, with a gorgeous palace awaiting her, and vassal and serf ready to obey her orders. But she will none of these things. Continuing to live as modestly as before, she constitutes herself the steward of her husband's property, and forwards him the money which is brought to her. He meanwhile lives in Siberia, black hatred towards his enforced wife devouring his heart. At length she goes down to one of his estates in the country, and finds herself the neighbor of his sister Helen Marsof. Of this sister-in-law, at first most unwilling to see her, she becomes the guardian angel. On one occasion she saves Helen's child when an attempt to poison him had been made by a villanous peasant woman of the name of Mavra Moroza. Soon afterwards she appears just in time to save both Helen and her child, against whom the peasantry had been excited by Mavra, who pretended that their mistress had poisoned their wells. And finally she is able to disperse a dark cloud of calumny which had long hung over Helen's head, due to the slanders of Mavra and her husband, who had murdered Helen's husband, and managed to direct suspicion against her. No wonder that Raïssa becomes the bosom friend of Helen, who does all she can to plead her cause with Count Gretskey. For in reality Raïssa is in love with the husband who hates her. Long does she strive in vain. But at length comes the news that

Count Gretskey is ill in his Siberian exile. Raïssa loses no time in flying to the emperor to ask for leave to visit and to nurse him. Not only is her request granted, but she obtains his pardon too. And so she speeds away on her long journey eastward towards her husband, accompanied by his faithful old servant Fadel. She finds him alive but insensible, and she watches long and anxiously over his couch. Her tender care, her skilful nursing, saves him from sinking; but when he becomes conscious to whom he owes his life, nothing warmer than a feeling of obligation is stirred within his heart. He is coldly polite and deferential, but neither liking nor love can she obtain. One day, as they sit together, she takes from her finger her marriage-ring and gives it to him, saying that they had better be separated on their return to Europe, so that he may be a free man once more. And he is pleased, little thinking how passionate a love for him is burning within the heart of the wife who has done so much for him, and for whom he still feels so strong an aversion. But more time passes by. He learns from his companions all that has taken place during his illness, he gradually begins to awaken to a sense of Raïssa's merits, and a suspicion of her feelings towards him begins to dawn upon his mind. At length one day, as they sit together in their sleigh travelling westwards towards civilization, happiness, and home, there comes a sudden change in his feelings. "All the admiration he had concealed, all the tenderness he had turned into hatred, all the gratitude which he had forced into ingratitude, mounted to his lips like an overflowing stream; but he could not utter a word." Only he took the wedding-ring which Raïssa had given back to him, and once more placed it upon her finger.

It will have been observed that the author does not love tragic endings. We can read her stories without being depressed. She loves a clear and tranquil sunset, full of the promise of the morrow's brightness, better than such a lurid ending of the day as brings to a close the sad fortunes of Lucy Ashton. In this Henri Gréville differs from the Russian authors themselves, who are apt to write the most lugubrious stories. Even Ivan Tourguéneff, by far the greatest literary artist whom Russia has produced, even he who has lived so much abroad that he is sometimes styled a *Zapadnik* or Western, dwells with manifest fondness on the dark side of human life, and, in many of his

stories, almost crushes the reader's spirits. Take, for instance, his wonderful tale called "*Neschastnaya*," or "The Unhappy One," in which a cruel step-father persecutes out of the world an offending step-daughter, feeling no remorse even when she dies, and he throws clods of earth into her grave "with the air of a man stoning an enemy." After reading this saddest of stories, the gloom of which is, from first to last, relieved by scarcely a gleam of light, you feel as if, like Henry the First, you never cared to smile again. There is one, however, of Henri Gréville's stories which is an exception to the general rule, for it is melancholy throughout. It records the sorrows of one those poor pilgrims through the world who never have a chance of faring well, who seem to be opposed by some such cruel fate as that which, to the eye of the ancient Greek, ever lowered over certain families destined to constant sorrow and ultimate extinction. Probably the story is an over-true one, and therefore it has been invested with a sadness which its fellows do not wear.

The Institute N. at St. Petersburg, intended for young ladies of noble birth, enjoyed a high reputation, patronized as it was by the imperial family, and attended by the daughters of many of the best families in Russia. Unfortunately it was exploited for her own benefit by the directress, a Madame Batourof, who had received the post as a mark of respect for her late husband, a general who had died of his wounds on the field of battle. In twenty-seven years she contrived, out of what in America would be called her stealings, to settle in life three daughters to whom she gave good dowries, and to enable her four sons in military service to live sumptuously. For all this the *institutki*, the young ladies who were ruled over by Madame Batourof, suffered greatly. They used to arrive as little girls, rosy and vigorous. Seven or eight years afterwards they were restored to their relatives—who, if they lived at a distance, had never seen them in the interval—thin, haggard, weak, the shadows of their former selves. Far worse, however, than Madame Batourof was Mademoiselle Grabinoof, one of the teachers, a jealous, malicious, hateful creature, always striving to stand well with the pupils of influence and to crush beneath her feet those of less estate. One day when the young ladies were assembled in class, and the professor of history was detailing to their drowsy ears the reasons for the decline of the House of Austria, a rich contralto voice suddenly burst

into loud, clear song. General stupefaction occurred for a moment, and then the offender was discovered to be Ariadne Ranine, an orphan girl, poor, unprotected, fitted to be an object of scorn and hatred to Grabinofs. Summoned before the directress, and asked why she disturbed the class, she quietly replied that she could not help doing so; she felt that she must sing, or she would die, or at least choke. Whereupon she was ordered to sing again, and, as it turned out that she had a magnificent voice and great musical aptitude, it was resolved that she should be allowed to study seriously the art to which she was already devoted. For a time all went well. Her life became more tolerable to her, her studies soothed her, in the sacred music which she sang in the chapel she poured forth all her soul. It seemed for a while as if her evil destiny had forgotten her. But the Grabinof had not, and at last came an opportunity for poisoning the happiness of the orphan girl she hated. A grave scandal made itself heard in the establishment. Three of the pupils, in the silence of the night, met three young guardsmen in one of the deserted rooms, and supped with them off the pies and champagne which their admirers had brought. The story came round to the ears of the directress, who trembled for her post. It was necessary to punish some one, to make an example of some vile person. As to expelling the real culprits, the young princess Olga Orline and her aristocratic friends, such a course was not to be thought of; and so, at the instigation of the Grabinof, the directress solemnly expelled the innocent Ariadne, an unconscious scapegoat destined to suffer for others' sins. Fortunately for her, Ariadne had found a friend. An old lady who was acquainted with Madame Batourof, and who thus knew the story of Ariadne's ill-treatment, took her home to live with her. Finding for her a "phœnix" of singing-masters, she enabled her to carry on her studies, and in the course of time Ariadne appeared in public, under a feigned name, and achieved a thorough success. But the second time she appeared in the concert-room, just as she was about to sing, she heard a voice say, "Her real name is Ranine; she was expelled from the institute on account of an intrigue with a young man;" and for a moment she almost lost consciousness. Then by a great effort she drove away the recollection of the words which had stung her, and sang with even more fire and pathos than before. But her heart was almost broken. Return-

ing home she found her kindly friend, the old lady who had protected her, prostrated by illness. A little later, and her friend's death left her alone in the world, with none to turn to for aid, and with thirty-two roubles in her purse. But another friend unexpectedly appeared. Olga Orline, the young princess for whose fault she had been punished at the institute, had always resolved to repay the obligation. In order to be able to aid her, she was obliged to tell the whole story of the midnight supper with the young guardsmen to her mother, who quickly pardoned her for the indiscretion she confessed, and determined to help the poor orphan who had suffered in her daughter's behalf. And so, after a while, Ariadne was installed in comfort in the house of the Orlines. With time her voice increased in power and compass, until at length a new success was achieved by her. At the opera one of the principal singers was suddenly taken ill. Ariadne's master compelled her to take the defaulter's place. She sang with full success, and was received by her hearers with the enthusiasm which a St. Petersburg audience has always at its command. But even then she was not destined to be happy. A few days later appeared an article in a journal, once more telling the old scandalous falsehood about her character. Overcome by the shock, she decided to sing no more at the opera. Then the princess Orline invited her to accompany her and her daughter to France for a while. She went, and the party was joined by a young Constantin Ladof, who had paid Ariadne much attention, and had indeed become the object around which her young affections had twined themselves. At last a chance of happiness seemed to glimmer before her from out of the darkness to which she was accustomed. But at Fécamp she learned that Ladof and Olga Orline were to be married. Not long afterwards her body was found at the base of one of the high chalk cliffs. She was buried in the Fécamp cemetery, and the princess Orline paid the gardener of the graveyard to look after her tomb, on which he places flowers during the summer season. But when the visitors have left, it remains as desolate as her whole life had been.

For descriptions of country life, and for a careful study of a lady who, without being aware of the fact, and without meaning to do wrong, renders miserable her niece and ward, the reader may be referred to the longest of our author's works, "*Les Koumissine*," which occupies two

volumes. But its incidents are too numerous to allow of justice being done to it by so short an account of it as could be given here. Another interesting story of society is "*La Princesse Oghérof*," which tells how the slanderous tongue of Pauline Hopper, a jealous German governess, separates two loving hearts. Marthe Milaguine, instead of marrying Michel Avérief, weds the Prince Oghérof, and the rejected lover seeks for solace in the Caucasus. There he is supposed to have died while attempting to save from her burning hut a Circassian woman, but in reality he escapes, and makes his way back to Russia. Meanwhile Prince Oghérof is drowned in an attempt to rescue from the waters of a frozen river the scandalmonger Pauline Hopper; and at last all is cleared up, and the long-parted lovers are brought together again.

There still remain to be noticed a number of characteristic stories of Russian life which do not deal so exclusively with the loves of princes and princesses. With some account of them the present article may be brought to a close. They are grouped under the title of "*Nouvelles Russes*," and they contain in a small compass some of the most remarkable of the pictures which our author has drawn. Stepan Makarief is a Russian peasant, honest and pious and thoroughly dutiful to his old father, who chooses for him a wife whom he at once accepts. But the choice turns out to be a bad one. She often leaves him at home while she goes on pilgrimages to the neighboring churches, where she does not disdain the attentions paid her by the village youth. At length the old father dies, telling Stepan on his death-bed that his wife does not fear him enough, and that he ought to chastise her vigorously. Stepan, for once, does not obey his father, but when the advice is a second time given him by a respected female neighbor, he follows it, and when his spouse Irene returns home from her next gadding about, he receives her in a way which leaves its traces behind for several days. "This action," we learn, "raised Stepan high in the opinion of his fellows, and when he went to work next day the married men of the village received him with marked respect." His wife is congratulated by her female friends on the beating as a mark of her husband's returning love, and all goes well for a time. But at the end of the fourth year of wedded life, while Stepan is absent in Moscow on commercial business, his wife deserts him,

going away with a travelling petty merchant. Stepan returns to his desolate home, which he continues to inhabit, aided in his household arrangements by a neighbor, a poor widow with two small children. One day, however, when he comes home at night from afield, he finds that his wife has returned. He orders her to leave him. She refuses to depart, saying that she has no one else to turn to, for the companion of her flight is dead, and her husband is bound to support her. Vainly does Stepan appeal to the head of the village. He is told that nothing can be done, for she is only claiming what is her legal right. Vainly on his return home does he beat his wife. She bears the blows, but will not release him from her hated presence. Next Sunday she dresses herself in her best, decks herself with beads and false pearls, and prepares to seek for admiration in church. But he tears the finery from her back and strews her ornaments upon the ground. Still she will not leave him. And so this terrible life goes on for a time, Stepan's house becoming for him a hell, from which he seeks refuge in the dram-shop. Finally in a quarrel, when she has provoked him more than he in his drunken state can endure, he takes his axe and frees himself forever from his burden. The head of the commune comes with others among the villagers, and they find the wife dead in a pool of blood, with the murderer crouching beneath the holy pictures. Stepan tells them what has taken place, how his faithless wife vexed him beyond all endurance, how she even struck him, her lord — a statement which sends a thrill through the assembly — and how he had at last avenged himself. "She was a wicked woman," he ends by saying; "I was not wrong in killing her. Still, if the commune orders me to Siberia, I will go. I ask for no favor." Then the feeble voice of the head of the commune is raised in reply, saying: "We are all sinful men: no one among us knows what he might do if temptation came in his way. Brother, thou hast taken away a life; but she was a wicked woman, as thou hast said. We are not agents of the law; we are thy brethren. Is it not so?" A murmur of assent arises from the crowd of peasants to whom he has turned. "Thou hast been unhappy," he continues; "is it for us to judge thee?" "No," replies the crowd; "let God forgive him!" And so no further notice is taken of the fatal deed. The body of the dead woman is prepared for the funeral, and on the next Sunday is interred in the village cemetery. Stepan

lives peacefully in his now quiet home. His neighbors respect him, no remorse troubles him. But his countenance wears a strange expression. Ever do his blue eyes gaze at those who look him in the face, with a steady regard which seems to say, "Knowest thou what I have done? And if thou dost know, dost thou condemn me?"

Thoroughly Russian is the tale entitled "*Le Meunier*." The miller in question is an old ruined noble, Mérikof by name, who, after the loss of almost all his property, retired to a small estate still remaining to him in the country, and there lived like a hermit, occupying himself with the business of a mill, and consoling himself with strong liquors. One of his neighbors is a Countess Marie, a handsome and charming woman, who is touched by the sad tale of Mérikof's life, and sets to work to draw him from his hermitage, and to render his existence brighter than it was before. In this she succeeds thoroughly, and Mérikof becomes attached to her with a kind of humble devotion. One day she expresses her horror of drink, and says that if she happened to see one of her friends under its influence, she would never be able to look at him again without aversion. Mérikof listens, and when he goes home he takes from a cupboard a bottle of spirits, empties it out of window, and makes a vow to drink no more. And he long keeps his vow. But once, during the absence of the countess from her estate, he consents to assist at the christening feast of the sacristan's child, a boy to whom he has stood godfather. And at such a feast in Russia it is hard for any one to be present without drinking much. That same day the countess unexpectedly returns home. The next morning, surprised at not receiving a visit from her "tame bear," she goes down to the mill with her children to ask for news of him. His old servant Stepanida says he is ill, and tries to prevent him from being disturbed. But the countess, grieved to hear of her old friend's illness, insists on seeing him, and makes her way into the room where he lies. He is sleeping heavily, his face flushed, his breathing stertorous. A strong smell of spirits pervades the room, but to this the countess pays no special attention, and goes away without perceiving that her old friend's sleep is a drunken slumber. But when two hours later Mérikof awakes, he knows not this. He imagines that she must have become aware of his condition, and that henceforward he will be an object of aversion to her eyes.

Stepanida could have undeceived him, but his fury when he discovers that the countess has visited him is so great that she becomes frightened, and postpones what she has to say till the evening. To him, however, that evening never comes. Going down to his mill, he walks across a little wooden bridge which crosses the mill-stream, and throws himself into the swiftly running waters. The truth is never known, his death being universally attributed to an accident. The countess mourns for him as for a kinsman, and her children go every year, on the anniversary of his death, to lay on his grave chaplets of fresh flowers. Only his old servant, the faithful Stepanida, has her own ideas as to the cause of his death. She lives alone in a small cottage near the church, from which she can see the grave of her late master without moving from the window, by the light of which she sees to knit the socks which bring her in her daily bread.

One more story, this time of a more cheerful nature, and the present sketch may be brought to a close. It depicts a few scenes taken from that professorial life which Henri Gréville has had such excellent opportunities of studying. It is called "*L'Examineur*."

Professor Maréguine was peacefully smoking his pipe one day on the verandah of his little country house, a modest home to which he delighted to betake himself when the summer vacation allowed him to leave hot and dusty Moscow. The professor was forty-two years old, and had never so much as dreamed of marriage. Absorbed in his work, he thought of little else while at Moscow. When the summer came he was perfectly happy in his little house amid the woods, to which he retired along with two old servants. Contented, but somewhat sad, he there spent his time without ever yielding to day-dreams about a possible wife or child. On the evening in question, however, while the professor calmly smoked his long pipe, he was attracted by the noise made by a number of village children who had collected around the well, the centre point of rustic gossip, and were amusing themselves by plaguing in a friendly manner a big dog which came to drink from the trough alongside. They hung round his neck, they pulled his ears, his tail, they kept him from the water he longed for. But he bore no malice. Only at last, uttering a warning bark, he plunged through their ranks, upsetting them on all sides, and thrust his hot muzzle into the cool water. Then sitting quietly down, with half-closed eyes, and tongue hanging

from his mouth, the drops of water streaming down on his white chest, he delivered himself up to the embraces and teasings of his young friends. All this the professor watched from the other side of a thick hedge, enjoying the sight, and finally dispersing the children by the gift of a coin capable of procuring them gingerbread. The sun sank lower. Maréguine found himself alone and disposed to melancholy. Presently he was conscious of the voices and laughter of a couple of village lovers; and he pensively went indoors. Over his tea he questioned one of his old servants about her experiences of married life, especially about her recollections of her children, listening long to her pleased gossiping. Then he went to bed, and all night long saw before his eyes the dog with its lolling tongue and the children with their bare feet and shocks of uncombed hair.

Some months later Maréguine happened to act as examiner of a number of young ladies who wished to qualify themselves as governesses. One of the candidates was rejected, and so great was her sorrow at being refused her diploma that Maréguine was greatly touched. She was a certain Annette Larionof, who had come with her mother from the government of Yaroslaf to obtain leave to practise as a teacher, having no other means of livelihood. So much did Maréguine sympathize with her distress that he promised to give her gratuitous instruction, thereby greatly delighting her and her old mother. For the mother and daughter were very poor, possessing only some seven hundred roubles a year, barely enough to furnish them with the necessities of existence. Twice a week, then, they came to the professor's rooms, and with the greatest patience he attempted to instruct Annette. But it was time thrown away. She could not learn. One morning she came alone and said that her mother was ill. In the afternoon Maréguine took a droschky and went to visit her in the far-away abode from which Annette used to make her way to her lessons on foot. Madame Larionof was in bed, but still engaged in the knitting which she never seemed to abandon, and which it appeared enabled her to earn some twenty kopecks a day. That evening when Maréguine returned home he forwarded a hundred-rouble note anonymously to Madame Larionof, with a few lines in a feigned hand to say that it was sent in payment of an old debt by one who wished to remain unknown.

At length came the eve of the day on which Annette was to be once more exam-

ined. "What will these poor women do if she fails again?" thought Maréguine as he lay down to rest. For a long time he could not sleep, and when at last slumber came it brought with it strange dreams. He saw before him his little country house. Before it lay stretched the watch-dog. A swarm of children threw themselves upon it and played it all manner of tricks. Long it put up with them. Then becoming bored, up it jumped and trotted away out of sight, followed by the laughing little ones. Maréguine found himself alone and sad. Then on the verandah appeared a female form holding a child by the hand. And her face, he presently felt, was the face of Annette—and he woke with a start. Next day came Annette in the deepest grief to tell him she was again unsuccessful, and to entreat him to break the sad news to her mother. Suddenly at the sight of her utter despair his dream recurred vividly to his imagination. "Annette," he cried, "I am neither young nor handsome, but I think we might be happy together." And so the old bachelor became a married man, and Annette's mother spent the last years of her life in knitting socks for his five children. Maréguine is perfectly happy. The dog has died of old age, but it has a successor exactly like it.

Among the many points in favor of the stories of which an attempt has been made to give some idea, is their moral tone, one which enables them to be safely recommended for general reading. And, with the exception of the scene of crime in the opening of "*Les Epreuves de Raïssa*," there is nothing in them which can shock an English taste. The best proof that they have attained to a happy medium in dealing with passion is afforded by the fact that some of the clerical journals of France have objected to them as being too outspoken, while some more mundane French critics have accused them of English coldness and reticence. To "*Dosia*," it may be added, the Académie Française allotted last May a *Prix Montyon* of two thousand francs. In the present article, however, they have been regarded from a special point of view. From the majority of Henri Gréville's works much may be learned about a great country of which we, as a general rule, know little. What is said in them about Russia may be taken by English readers as accurate. It may be that Russian eyes may see flaws, may detect here and there a line, a hue, which are not absolutely Russian, may hear a foreign accent, as it were, in Henri Gré-

ville's words. But into that question it is quite needless for the foreign reader to enter. The Russians may be described, to borrow an idea from Dr. Wendell Holmes, after three fashions. There are the Russians as they really are, the Russians as they themselves think they are, and the Russians as they appear to foreigners. It is enough that the present works represent them graphically after the third fashion. It is possible that no such sweet, fair maiden as Sonia could ever be developed from a barefooted Russian peasant girl. It is possible that into the character of Dosia may have entered something of French *espiglerie*. But no foreign author has ever before drawn so generally correct a series of Russian female portraits; no one has made so clear to foreign eyes the inner life of Russian homes. With what artistic skill and delicacy these pictures have been drawn and colored all readers of Henri Gréville's works will be able to judge for themselves.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

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AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

He, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.

SINCE Egbert Mayne's situation is not altogether a new and unprecedented one, there will be no necessity for detailing in all its minuteness his attempt to scale the steeps of fame. For notwithstanding the fact that few, comparatively, have reached the top, the lower tracts of that troublesome incline have been trodden by as numerous a company as any allegorical spot in the world.

The reader must then imagine five years to have elapsed, during which rather formidable slice of human life Egbert had been constantly striving. It had been drive, drive from month to month; no rest, nothing but effort. He had progressed from newspaper work to criticism, from criticism to independent composition of a mild order, from the latter to the publication of a book which nobody ever heard of, and from this to the production of a work of really sterling merit, which appeared anonymously. Though he did not set

society in a blaze, or even in a smoke, thereby, he certainly caused a good many people to talk about him, and to be curious as to his name.

The luminousness of nature which had been sufficient to attract the attention and heart of Geraldine Allenville had, indeed, meant much. That there had been power enough in the presence, speech, mind, and tone of the poor painter's son to fascinate a girl of Geraldine's station was of itself a ground for the presumption that he might do a work in the world if he chose. The attachment to her was just the stimulus which such a constitution as his required, and it had at first acted admirably upon him. Afterwards the case was scarcely so happy.

He had investigated manners and customs no less than literature; and for a while the experience was exciting enough. But several habits which he had at one time condemned in the ambitious classes now became his own. His original fondness for art, literature, and science was getting quenched by his slowly increasing habit of looking upon each and all of these as machinery wherewith to effect a purpose.

A new feeling began to animate all his studies. He had not the old interest in them for their own sakes, but a breathless interest in them as factors in the game of sink or swim. He entered picture-galleries, not, as formerly, because it was his humor to dream pleasantly over the images therein expressed, but to be able to talk on demand about painters and their peculiarities. He examined Correggio to criticise his flesh shades; Angelico, to speak technically of the pink faces of his saints; Murillo, to say fastidiously that there was a certain silliness in the look of his old men; Rubens for his sensuous women; Turner for his Turneresequeness. Romney was greater than Reynolds because Lady Hamilton had been his model, and thereby hung a tale. Bonozzi Gozzoli was better worth study than Raffaele, since the former's name was a learned sound to utter, and all knowledge got up about him would tell.

Whether an intense love for a woman, and that woman Geraldine, was a justifiable reason for this desire to shine it is not easy to say.

However, as has been stated, Egbert worked like a slave in these causes, and at the end of five full years was repaid with certain public applause, though, unfortunately, not with much public money. But this he hoped might come soon.

Regarding his love for Geraldine, the most noteworthy fact to be recorded of the period was that all correspondence with her had ceased. In spite of their fear of her father, letters had passed frequently between them on his first leaving home, and had been continued with ardor for some considerable time. The reason of its close will be perceived in the following note, which he received from her two years before the date of the present chapter:—

"Tollamore House.

"MY DEAR EGBERT,—

"How shall I tell you what has happened! and yet how can I keep silence when sooner or later you must know all?

"My father has discovered what we feel for each other. He took me into his room and made me promise never to write to you, or seek you, or receive a letter from you. I promised in haste, for I was frightened and excited, and now he trusts me—I wish he did not—for he knows I would not be mean enough to lie. So don't write, poor Egbert, or expect to hear from miserable me. We must try to hope; yet it is a long, dreary thing to do. But I *will* hope, and not be beaten. How could I help promising, Egbert, when he compelled me? He is my father. I cannot think what we shall do under it all. It is cruel of life to be like this towards us when we have done no wrong.

"We are going abroad for a long time. I think it is because of you and me, but I don't know. He does not tell me where we shall go. Just as if a place like Europe could make me forget you. He doesn't know what's in me, and how I can think about you and cry at nights—he cannot. If he did, he must see how silly the plan is.

"Remember that you go to church on Sunday mornings, for then I think that perhaps we are reading in the same place at the same moment; and we are sometimes, no doubt. Last Sunday when we came to this in the Psalms, 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside that will bring forth his fruit in due season: his leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper,' I thought, 'That's Egbert in London.' I know you were reading that same verse in your church—I felt that you said it with us. Then I looked up to your old nook under the tower arch. It was a misery to see the wood and the stone just as good as ever, and you not there. It is not

only that you are gone at these times, but a heavy creature—blankness—seems to stand in your place.

"But how can I tell you of these thoughts now that I am to write no more? Yet we will hope, and hope. Remember this, that should anything serious happen, I will break the bond and write. Obligation would end then. Good-bye for a time, I cannot put into words what I would finish with. Good-bye, good-bye.

"G. A.

"P.S. Might we not write just one line at very wide intervals? It is too much never to write at all."

On receiving this letter Egbert felt that he could not honorably keep up a regular correspondence with her. But a determination to break it off would have been more than he could have adhered to if he had not been strengthened by the hope that he might soon be able to give a plausible reason for renewing it. He sent her a line bidding her to expect the best results from the prohibition, which, he was sure, would not be for long. Meanwhile, should she think it not wrong to send a line at very wide intervals he would promptly reply.

But she was apparently too conscientious to do so, for nothing had reached him since. Yet she was as continually in his thought and heart as before. He felt more misgivings than he had chosen to tell her of on the ultimate effect of the prohibition, but could do nothing to remove it. And then he had learnt that Miss Allenville and her father had gone to Paris, as the commencement of a sojourn abroad.

These circumstances had burdened him with long hours of depression, till he had resolved to throw his whole strength into a production which should either give him a fair start towards fame, or make him clearly understand that there was no hope in that direction for such as he. He had begun the attempt, and ended it, and the consequences were fortunate to an unexpected degree.

CHAPTER II.

Towards the loadstar of my one desire
I flitted like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light.

MAYNE'S book having been launched into the world and well received, he found time to emerge from the seclusion he had maintained for several months, and to look into life again.

One warm, fashionable day, between five and six o'clock, he was walking along Piccadilly, absent-minded and unobservant, when an equipage approached whose appearance thrilled him through. It was the Allenville landau, newly painted up. Egbert felt almost as if he had been going into battle; and whether he should stand forth visibly before her or keep in the background seemed a question of life or death.

He waited in unobserved retirement, which it was not difficult to do, his aspect having much altered since the old times. Coachman, footman, and carriage advanced, in graceful unity of glide, like a swan. Then he beheld her, Geraldine, after two years of silence, five years of waiting, and nearly three years of separation; for although he had seen her two or three times in town after he had taken up his residence there, they had not once met since the year preceding her departure for the Continent.

She came opposite, now passively looking round, then actively glancing at something which interested her. Egbert trembled a little, or perhaps a great deal, at sight of her. But she passed on, and the back of the carriage hid her from his view.

So much of the boy was left in him still that he could scarcely withhold himself from rushing after her, and jumping into the carriage. She had appeared to be well and blooming, and an instinctive vexation that their long separation had produced no perceptible effect upon her, speedily gave way before a more generous sense of gratification at her well-being. Still, had it been possible, he would have been glad to see some sign upon her face that she yet remembered him.

This sudden discovery that they were in town after their years of travel stirred his lassitude into excitement. He went back to his chambers to meditate upon his next step. A trembling on Geraldine's account was disturbing him. She had probably been in London ever since the beginning of the season, but she had not given him a sign to signify that she was so near; and but for this accidental glimpse of her he might have gone on for months without knowing that she had returned from abroad.

Whether she was leading a dull or an exciting life Egbert had no means of knowing. That night after night the arms of interesting young men rested upon her waist and whirled her round the ball-room he could not bear to think. That she fre-

quented gatherings and assemblies of all sorts he calmly owned as very probable, for she was her father's only daughter, and likely to be made much of. That she had not written a line to him since their return was still the grievous point.

"If I had only risen one or two steps further," he thought, "how boldly would I seek her out! But only to have published one successful book in all these years — such grounds are slight indeed."

For several succeeding days he did nothing but look about the Park, and the streets, and the neighborhood of Chevron Square, where their town house stood, in the hope of seeing her again; but in vain. There were moments when his distress that she might possibly be indifferent about him and his affairs was unbearable. He fully resolved that he would on some early occasion communicate with her, and know the worst. Years of work remained to be done before he could think of appearing before her father; but he had reached a sort of half-way stage at which some assurance from herself that his track was a hopeful one was positively needed to keep him firm.

Egbert still kept on the look-out for her at every public place; but nearly a month passed, and she did not appear again. One Sunday evening, when he had been wandering near Chevron Square, and looking at her windows from a distance, he returned past her house after dusk. The rooms were lighted, but the windows were still open, and as he strolled along he heard notes from a piano within. They were the accompaniment to an air from the "Messiah," though no singer's voice was audible. Egbert readily imagined who the player might be, for the "Messiah" was an oratorio which Geraldine often used to wax eloquent upon in days gone by. He had not walked far when he remembered that there was to be an exceptionally fine performance of that stirring composition during the following week, and it instantly occurred to him that Geraldine's mind was running on the same event, and that she intended to be one of the audience.

He resolved upon doing something at a venture. The next morning he went to the ticket-office, and boldly asked for a place as near as possible to those taken in the name of Allenville.

"There is no vacant one in any of those rows," the office-keeper said, "but you can have one very near their number on the other side of the division."

Egbert was astonished that for once in his life he had made a lucky hit. He booked his place, and returned home.

The evening arrived, and he went early. On taking his seat he found himself at the left-hand end of a series of benches, and close to a red cord, which divided the group of seats he had entered from stalls of a somewhat superior kind. He was passing the time in looking at the extent of orchestra space, and other things, when he saw two ladies and a gentleman enter and sit down in the stalls diagonally before his own, and on the other side of the division. It delighted and agitated him to find that one of the three was Geraldine; her two companions he did not know.

"Policy, don't desert me now," he thought; and immediately sat in such a way that unless she turned round to a very unlikely position she would not see him.

There was a certain half-pleasant misery in sitting behind her thus as a possibly despised lover. To-night, at any rate, there would be sights and sounds common to both of them, though they should not communicate to the extent of a word. Even now he could hear the rustle of her garments as she settled down in her seat, and the faint murmur of words that passed between her and her friends.

Never, in the many times that he had listened to that rush of harmonies, had they affected him as they did then; and it was no wonder, considering what an influence upon his own life had been and still was exercised by Geraldine, and that she now sat there before him. The varying strains shook and bent him to themselves as a rippling brook shakes and bends a shadow. The music did not show its power by attracting his attention to its subject; it rather dropped its own libretto and took up in place of that the poem of his life and love.

There was Geraldine still. They were singing the chorus "Lift up your heads," and he found a new impulse of thought in him. It was towards determination. Should every member of her family be against him he would win her in spite of them. He could now see that Geraldine was moved equally with himself by the tones which entered her ears.

"Why do the nations so furiously rage together" filled him with a gnawing thrill, and so changed him to its spirit that he believed he was capable of suffering in silence for his whole lifetime, and of never appearing before her unless she gave a sign.

The audience stood up, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" began. The deafening harmonies flying from this group and from that seemed to absorb all the love and poetry that his life had produced, to pour it upon that one moment, and upon her who stood so close at hand. "I will force Geraldine to be mine," he thought. "I will make that heart ache of love for me." The chorus continued, and her form trembled under its influence. Egbert was for seeking her the next morning, and knowing what his chances were, without waiting for further results. The chorus and the personality of Geraldine still filled the atmosphere. I will seek her to-night — as soon as we get out of this place," he said. The storm of sound now reached its climax, and Geraldine's power was proportionately increased. He would give anything for a glance this minute — to look into her eyes, she into his. "If I can but touch her hand, and get one word from her, I will," he murmured.

He shifted his position somewhat and saw her face. Tears were in her eyes, and her lips were slightly parted. Stretching a little nearer he whispered, "My love!"

Geraldine turned her wet eyes upon him, almost as if she had not been surprised, but had been forewarned by her previous emotion. With the peculiar quickness of grasp that she always showed under sudden circumstances, she had realized the position at a glance.

"Oh, Egbert!" she said; and her countenance flagged as if she would have fainted.

"Give me your hand," he whispered.

She placed her hand in his, under the cord, which it was easy to do without observation; and he held it tight.

"Mine, as before?" he asked.

"Yours now as then," said she.

They were like frail and sorry wrecks upon that sea of symphony, and remained in silent abandonment to the time, till the strains approached their close.

"Can you meet me to-night?" said Egbert.

She was half frightened at the request, and said, "Where?"

"At your own front door, at twelve o'clock." He then was at once obliged to gently withdraw himself, for the chorus was ended, and the people were sitting down.

The remainder was soon over, and it was time to leave. Egbert watched her and her party out of the house, and, turning to the other doorway, went out likewise.

CHAPTER III.

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

WHEN he reached his chambers he sat down and literally did nothing but watch the hand of the mantel-clock minute by minute, till it marked half past eleven, scarcely removing his eyes. Then going again into the street he called a cab, and was driven down Park Lane and on to the corner of Cheyron Square. Here he alighted, and went round to the number occupied by the Allenvilles.

A lamp stood nearly opposite the doorway, and by receding into the gloom to the railing of the square he could see whatever went on in the porch of the house. The lamps over the doorways were nearly all extinguished, and everything about this part was silent and deserted, except at a house on the opposite side of the square, where a ball was going on. But nothing of that concerned Egbert: his eyes had sought out and remained fixed upon Mr. Allenville's front door, in momentary expectation of seeing it gently open.

The dark wood of the door showed a keen and distinct edge upon the pale stone of the porch floor. It must have been about two minutes before the hour he had named when he fancied he saw a slight movement at that point, as of something slipped out from under the door.

"It is but fancy," he said to himself.

He turned his eyes away, and turned them back again. Some object certainly seemed to have been thrust under the door. At this moment the four quarters of midnight began to strike, and then the hour. Egbert could remain still no longer, and he went into the porch. A note had been slipped under the door from inside.

He took it to the lamp, turned it over, and saw that it was directed only with initials,—"To E. M." Egbert tore it open and glanced upon the page. With a shiver of disappointment he read these words in her handwriting:—

"It was when under the influence of much emotion, kindled in me by the power of the music, that I half assented to a meeting with you to-night; and I believe that you also were excited when you asked for one. After some quiet reflection I have decided that it will be much better for us both if we do not see each other.

"You will, I know, judge me fairly in this. You have by this time learnt what life is; what particular positions, accidental though they may be, ask, nay, imperatively exact from us. If you say 'not

imperatively,' you cannot speak from knowledge of the world.

"To be woven and tied in with the world by blood, acquaintance, tradition, and external habit, is to a woman to be utterly at the beck of that world's customs. In youth we do not see this. You and I did not see it. We were but a girl and a boy at the time of our meetings at Tollamore. What was our knowledge? A list of other people's words. What was our wisdom? None at all.

"It is well for you now to remember that I am not the unsophisticated girl I was when you first knew me. For better or for worse I have become complicated, exclusive, and practised. A woman who can speak, or laugh, or dance, or sing before any number of men with perfect composure may be no sinner, but she is not what I was once. She is what I am now. She is not the girl you loved. That woman is not here.

"I wish to write kindly to you, as to one for whom, in spite of the unavoidable division between our paths, I must always entertain a heartfelt respect. Is it, after this, out of place in me to remind you how contrasting are all our associations, how inharmonious our times and seasons? Could anything ever overpower this incongruity?

"But I must write plainly, and, though it may grieve you now, it will produce ultimately the truest ease. This is my meaning. If I could accept your addresses without an entire loss of position I would do so; but, since this cannot be, we must forget each other.

"Believe me to be, with wishes and prayers for your happiness,

"Your sincere friend,
"G. A."

Egbert could neither go home nor stay still; he walked off rapidly in any direction for the sole sake of vehement motion. His first impulse was to get into darkness. He went towards Kensington; thence threaded across to the Uxbridge Road, thence to Kensal Green, where he turned into a lane and followed it to Kilburn, and the hill beyond, at which spot he halted and looked over the vast haze of light extending to the length and breadth of London. Turning back and wandering among some fields by a way he could never afterwards recollect, sometimes sitting down, sometimes leaning on a stile, he lingered on until the sun had risen. He then slowly walked again towards London, and, feeling by this time very weary, he entered the

first refreshment-house that he came to, and attempted to eat something. Having sat for some time over this meal without doing much more than taste it, he arose and set out for the street in which he lived. Once in his own rooms he lay down upon the couch and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was four o'clock. Egbert then dressed and went out, partook of a light meal at his club at the dismal hour between luncheon and dinner, and cursorily glanced over the papers and reviews. Among the first things that he saw were eulogistic notices of his own book in three different reviews, each the most prominent and weighty of its class. Two of them, at least, would, he knew, find their way to the drawing-room of the Allenvilles, for they were among the periodicals which the squire regularly patronized.

Next, in a weekly review he read the subjoined note:—

"The authorship of the book ———, about which conjecture has lately been so much exercised, is now ascribed to Mr. Egbert Mayne, whose first attempt in that kind we noticed in these pages some eighteen months ago."

He took up a daily paper, and presently lighted on the following paragraph:—

"It is announced that a marriage is arranged between Lord Bretton, of Tosthill Park, and Geraldine, only daughter of Foy Allenville, Esq., of Tollamore House, Wessex."

Egbert arose and went towards home. Arrived there he met the postman at the door, and received from him a small note. The young man mechanically glanced at the direction.

"From her," he mentally exclaimed. "What does it —?"

This was what the letter contained:—

"Twelve o'clock.

"I have just learnt that the anonymous author of the book in which the world has been so interested during the past two months, and which I have read, is none other than yourself. Accept my congratulations. It seems almost madness in me to address you now. But I could not do otherwise on receipt of this news, and after writing my last letter. Let your knowledge of my nature prevent your misconstruing my motives in writing thus on the spur of the moment. I need scarcely add, please keep it a secret forever. I am not morally afraid, but other lives, hopes, and objects than mine have to be considered.

"The announcement of the marriage is premature, to say the least. I would tell you more, but dare not.

"G. A."

The conjunction of all this intelligence produced in Egbert's heart a stillness which was some time in getting aroused to excitement. His emotion was formless. He knew not what point to take hold of and survey his position from; and, though his faculties grew clearer with the passage of time, he failed in resolving on a course with any deliberateness. No sooner had he thought, "I will never see her again for my pride's sake," than he said, "Why not see her? she is a woman; she may love me yet."

He went down-stairs and out of the house, and walked by way of the Park towards Chevron Square.

Probably nobody will rightly appreciate Mayne's wild behavior at this juncture, unless, which is very unlikely, he has been in a somewhat similar position himself. It may always appear to cool critics, even if they are generous enough to make allowances for his feelings, as visionary and weak in the extreme. Yet it was scarcely to be expected, after the mental and emotional strain that he had undergone during the preceding five years, that he should have acted much otherwise.

He rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Allenville. He, perhaps fortunately, was not at home. "Miss Allenville, then," said Mayne.

"She is just driving out," said the footman dubiously.

Egbert then noticed for the first time that the carriage was at the door, and almost as soon as the words were spoken Geraldine came down-stairs.

"The madness of hoping to call that finished creature wife!" he thought.

Geraldine recognized him, and looked perplexed.

"One word, Miss Allenville," he murmured.

She assented, and he followed her into the adjoining room.

"I have come," said Egbert. "I know it is hasty of me; but I must hear my doom from your own lips. Five years ago you spurred me on to ambition. I have followed but too closely the plan I then marked out, for I have hoped all along for a reward. What am I to think? Have you indeed left off feeling what you once felt for me?"

"I cannot speak of it now," she said

hurriedly. "I told you in my letter as much as I dared. Believe me I cannot speak—in the way you wish. I will always be your friend."

"And is this the end? Oh, my God!"

"And we shall hope to see you to dinner some day, now you are famous," she continued, pale as ashes. "But I—cannot be with you as we once were. I was such a child at that time, you know."

"Geraldine, is this all I get after this lapse of time and heat of labor?"

"I am not my own mistress—I have my father to please," she faintly murmured. "I must please him. There is no help for this. Go from me—do go!"

Egbert turned and went, for he felt that he had no longer a place beside her.

CHAPTER IV.

Then I said in my heart, "As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise?"

MAYNE was in rather an ailing state for several days after the above-mentioned event. Yet the lethean stagnation which usually comes with the realization that all is over allowed him to take some deep sleeps, to which he had latterly been a stranger.

The hours went by, and he did the best he could to dismiss his regrets for Geraldine. He was assisted to the very little success that he attained in this by reflecting how different a woman she must have become from her old sweet self of five or six years ago.

"But how paltry is my success now she has vanished!" he said. "What is it worth? What object have I in following it up after this?" It rather startled him to see that the root of his desire for celebrity having been Geraldine, he now was a man who had no further motive in moving on. Town life had for some time been depressing to him. He began to doubt whether he could ever be happy in the course of existence that he had followed through these later years. The perpetual strain, the lack of that quiet to which he had been accustomed in early life, the absence of all personal interest in things around him, was telling upon his health of body and of mind.

Then revived the wish which had for some time been smouldering in his secret heart—to leave off, for the present, at least, his efforts for distinction; to retire for a few months to his old country nook, and there to meditate on his next course.

To set about this was curiously awk-

ward to him. He had planned methods of retrogression in case of defeat through want of ability, want of means, or lack of opportunity; but to retreat because his appetite for advance had gone off was what he had never before thought of.

His reflections turned upon the old home of his mother's family. He knew exactly how Tollamore appeared at that time of the year. The trees with their half-ripe apples, the bees and butterflies lazy from the heat; the haymaking over, the harvest not begun, the people lively and always out of doors. He would visit the spot, and call upon some old and half-forgotten friends of his grandfather in an adjoining parish.

Two days later he left town. The fine weather, his escape from that intricate web of effort in which he had been bound these five years, the sensation that nobody in the world had any claims upon him, imparted some buoyancy to his mind; and it was in a serene if sad spirit that he entered Tollamore Vale, and smelt his native air.

He did not at once proceed to the village, but stopped at Fairland, the parish next adjoining. It was now evening, and he called upon some of the old cottagers whom he knew. Time had set a mark upon them all since he had last been there. Middle-aged men were a little more round-shouldered, their wives had taken to spectacles, young people had grown up out of recognition, and old men had passed into second childhood.

Egbert found here, as he had expected, precisely such a lodging as a hermit would desire. It was in an ivy-covered detached house which had been partly furnished for a tenant who had never come, and it was kept clean by an old woman living in a cottage near. She offered to wait upon Egbert whilst he remained there, coming in the morning and leaving in the afternoon, thus giving him the house to himself during the latter part of the day.

When it grew dusk he went out, wishing to ramble for a little time. The gibbous moon rose on his right, the stars showed themselves sleepily one by one, and the far distance turned to a mysterious ocean of grey. He instinctively directed his steps towards Tollamore, and when there towards the school. It looked very little changed since the year in which he had had the memorable meetings with her there, excepting that the creepers had grown higher.

He went on towards the park. Here

was the place whereon he had used to await her coming—he could be sure of the spot to a foot. There was the turn of the hill around which she had appeared. The sentimental effect of the scenes upon him was far greater than he had expected, so great that he wished he had never been so reckless as to come here. "But this is folly," he thought. "The betrothed of Lord Bretton is a woman of the world in whose thoughts, hopes, and habits I have no further interest or share."

In the lane he heard the church-bells ringing out their five notes, and meeting a shepherd Egbert asked him what was going on.

"Practising," he said, in an uninterested voice. "'Tis against young miss's wedding, that their hands may be thoroughly in by the day fort."

He presently came to where his grandfather's old house had stood. It was pulled down, the ground it covered having become a shabby, irregular spot, half grown over with trailing plants. The garden had been grassed down, but the old apple-trees still remained, their trunks and stems being now sheathed on one side with moonlight. He entertained himself by guessing where the front door of the house had been, at which Geraldine had entered on the memorable evening when she came to him full of grief and pity, and a tacit avowal of love was made on each side. Where they had sat together was now but a heap of broken rubbish half covered with grass. Near this melancholy spot was the cottage once inhabited by Nathan Brown. But Nathan was dead now, and his wife and family had gone elsewhere.

Finding the effect of memory to be otherwise than cheerful, Mayne hastened from the familiar spot, and went on to the parish of Fairland in which he had taken his lodging.

It soon became whispered in the neighborhood that Miss Allenville's wedding was to take place on the 17th of October. Egbert heard few particulars of the matter beyond the date, though it is possible that he might have known more if he had tried. He preferred to fortify himself by dipping deeply into the few books he had brought with him; but the most obvious plan of escaping his thoughts, that of a rapid change of scene by travel, he was unaccountably loth to adopt. He felt that he could not stay long in this district; yet an indescribable fascination held him on day after day, till the date of the marriage was close at hand.

CHAPTER V.

*How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!*

On the eve of the wedding the people told Mayne that arches and festoons of late summer flowers and evergreens had been put up across the path between the church porch at Tollamore and the private gate to the squire's lawn for the procession of bride and bridesmaids. Before it got dark several villagers went on foot to the church to look at and admire these decorations. Egbert had determined to see the ceremony over. It would do him good, he thought, to be witness of the sacrifice.

Hence he, too, went along the path to Tollamore to inspect the preparations. It was dusk by the time that he reached the churchyard, and he entered it boldly, letting the gate fall together with a loud slam, as if he were a man whom nothing troubled. He looked at the half-completed bowers of green, and passed on into the church, never having entered it since he first left Tollamore.

He was standing by the chancel-arch, and observing the quantity of flowers which had been placed around the spot, when he heard the creaking of a gate on its hinges. Two figures entered the church, and Egbert stepped behind a canopied tomb.

The persons were females, and they appeared to be servants from the neighboring mansion. They brought more flowers and festoons, and were talking of the event of the morrow. Coming into the chancel they threw down their burdens with a remark that it was too dark to arrange more flowers that night.

"This is where she is to kneel," said one, standing with her arms akimbo before the altar-railing. "And I wish 'twas I instead, Lord send if I don't."

The two girls went on gossiping till other footsteps caused them to turn.

"I won't say 'tisn't she. She has been here two or three times to-day. Let's go round this way."

And the servants went towards the door by a circuitous path round the aisle, to avoid meeting with the new-comer.

Egbert, too, thought he would leave the place now that he had heard and seen thus much; but from carelessness or design he went straight down the nave. An instant afterwards he was standing face to face with Geraldine. The servants had vanished.

"Good evening," she said serenely, not knowing him, and supposing him to be a parishioner.

Egbert returned the words hastily, and, in standing aside to let her pass, looked clearly into her eyes and pale face, as if there never had been a time at which he would have done anything on earth for her sake.

She knew him, and started, uttering a weak exclamation. When he reached the door he turned his head, and saw that she was irresolutely holding up her hand, as if to beckon to him to come back.

"One word, since I have met you," she said in unequal, half-whispered tones. "I have felt that I was one-sided in my haste on the day you called to see me in London. I misunderstood you."

Egbert could at least out-do her in self-control, and, astonished that she should have spoken, he answered in a yet colder tone, —

"I am sorry for that; very sorry, madam."

"And you excuse it?"

"Of course I do, readily. And I hope you, too, will pardon my intrusion on that day, and understand the — circumstances."

"Yes, yes. Especially as I am most to blame for those indiscreet proceedings in our early lives which led to it."

"Certainly you were not most to blame."

"How can you say that?" she answered with a slight laugh, "when you know nothing of what my motives and feelings were?"

"I know well enough to judge, for I was the elder. Let me just recall some points in your own history at that time."

"No."

"Will you not hear a word?"

"I cannot. . . . Are you writing another book?"

"I am doing nothing. I am idling at Monk's Hut."

"Indeed!" she said, slightly surprised. "Well, you will always have my good wishes, whatever you may do. If any of my relatives can ever help you —"

"Thank you, madam, very much. I think, however, that I can help myself."

She was silent, looking upon the floor; and Egbert spoke again, successfully hiding the feelings of his heart under a light and untrue tone. "Miss Allenville, you know that I loved you devotedly for many years, and that that love was the starting-point of all my ambition. My sense of it makes this meeting rather awkward. But men survive almost anything. I have proved it. Their love is strong while it

lasts, but it soon withers at sight of a new face. I congratulate you on your coming marriage. Perhaps I may marry some day, too."

"I hope you will find some one worth your love. I am sorry I ever — inconvenienced you as I did. But one hardly knows at that age —"

"Don't think of it for a moment — I really entreat you not to think of that." What prompted the cruelty of his succeeding words he never could afterwards understand. "It was a hard matter at first for me to forget you, certainly; but perhaps I was helped in my wish by the strong prejudice I originally had against your class and family. I have fixed my mind firmly upon the differences between us, and my youthful fancy is pretty fairly overcome. Those old silly days of devotion were pretty enough, but the devotion was entirely unpractical, as you have seen, of course."

"Yes, I have seen it," she faltered.

"It was scarcely of a sort which survives accident and division, and is strengthened by disaster."

"Well, perhaps not, perhaps not. You can scarcely care much now whether it was or not; or, indeed, care anything about me or my happiness."

"I do care."

"How much? As you do for that of any other wretched human being?"

"Wretched? No!"

"I will tell you — I must tell you!" she said with rapid utterance. "This is my secret, this. I don't love the man I am going to marry; but I have agreed to be his wife to satisfy my friends. Say you don't hate me for what I have told. I could not bear that you should not know!"

"Hate you? Oh, Geraldine!"

A hair's breadth further, and they would both have broken down.

"Not a word more. Now you know my unhappy state, and I shall die content."

"But, darling — my Geraldine!"

"It is too late. Good-night — good-bye!" She spoke in a hurried voice, almost like a low cry, and rushed away.

Here was a revelation. Egbert moved along to the door, and up the path, in a condition in which his mind caused his very body to ache. He gazed vacantly through the railings of the lawn, which came close to the churchyard; but she was gone. He still moved mechanically on. A little further and he was overtaken by the parish clerk, who, addressing a few words to him, soon recognized his voice.

The clerk's talk, too, was about the wedding. "Is the marriage likely to be a happy one?" asked Egbert, aroused by the subject.

"Well, between you and me, Mr. Mayne, 'tis a made-up affair. Some says she can't bear the man."

"Lord Bretton?"

"Yes. I could say more if I dared; but what's the good of it now!"

"I suppose none," said Egbert wearily.

He was glad to be again alone, and went on towards Fairland slowly and heavily. Had Geraldine forgotten him, and loved elsewhere with a light heart, he could have borne it; but this sacrifice at a time when, left to herself, she might have listened to him, was an intolerable misery. Her inconsistent manner, her appearance of being swayed by two feelings, her half-reservations, were all explained. "Against her wishes," he said; "at heart she may still be mine. Oh, Geraldine, my poor Geraldine, is it come to this!"

He bitterly regretted his first manner towards her, and turned round to consider whether he could not go back, endeavor to find her, and ask if he could be of any possible use. But all this was plainly absurd. He again proceeded homeward as before.

Reaching Fairland he sat a while in his empty house without a light, and then went to bed. Owing to the distraction of his mind he lay for three or four hours meditating, and listening to the autumn wind, turning restlessly from side to side, the blood throbbing in his temples and singing in his ears, and the ticking of his watch waxing apparently loud enough to stun him. He conjured up the image of Geraldine in her various stages of preparation on the following day. He saw her coming in at the well-known door, walking down the aisle in a floating cloud of white, and receiving the eyes of the assembled crowd without a flush, or a sign of consciousness; uttering the words, "I take thee to my wedded husband," as quietly as if she were dreaming them. And the husband? Egbert shuddered. How could she have consented, even if her memories stood their ground only half so obstinately as his own? As for himself, he perceived more clearly than ever how intricately she had mingled with every motive in his past career. Some portion of the thought, "marriage with Geraldine," had been marked on every day of his manhood.

Ultimately he fell into a fitful sleep, when he dreamed of fighting, wading, diving, boring, through innumerable multitudes, in the midst of which Geraldine's

form appeared fitting about, in the usual confused manner of dreams—sometimes coming towards him, sometimes receding, and getting thinner and thinner till she was a mere film tossed about upon a seething mass.

He jumped up in the bed, damp with a cold perspiration, and in an agony of disquiet. It was a minute or two before he could collect his senses. He went to the window and looked out. It was quite dark, and the wind moaned and whistled round the corners of the house in the heavy intonations which seem to express that ruthlessness has all the world to itself.

"Egbert, do, do come to me!" reached his ears in a faint voice from the darkness.

There was no mistaking it: it was assuredly the tongue of Geraldine.

He half dressed himself, ran downstairs, and opened the front door, holding the candle above his head. Nobody was visible.

He set down the light, hastened round the back of the house, and saw a dusky figure turning the corner to get to the gate. He then ran diagonally across the plot, and intercepted the form in the path. "Geraldine!" he said, "can it indeed be you?"

"Yes, it is, it is!" she cried wildly, and fell upon his shoulder.

The hot turmoil of excitement pervading her hindered her from fainting, and Egbert placed his arm round her, and led her into the house, without asking a question, or meeting with any resistance. He assisted her into a chair as soon as they reached the front room.

"I have run away from home, Egbert, and to you!" she sobbed. "I am not insane: they and you may think so, but I am not. I came to find you. Such shocking things have happened since I met you just now. Can Lord Bretton come and claim me?"

"Nobody on earth can claim you, darling, against your will. Now tell it all to me."

She spoke on between her tears. "I have loved you ever since, Egbert; but such influences have been brought to bear upon me that at last I have hardly known what I was doing. At last, I thought that perhaps, after all, it would be better to become a lady of title, with a large park and houses of my own, than the wife of any man of genius who was poor. I loved you all the time, but I was half ashamed that I loved you. I went out continually, that gaiety might obscure the past. And then

dark circles came round my eyes — I grew worn and tired. I am not nearly so nice to look at as at that time when we used to meet in the school, nor so healthy either . . . I think I was handsome then." At this she smiled faintly, and raised her eyes to his, with a sparkle of their old mischief in them.

"And now and ever," he whispered.

"How innocent we were then! Fancy, Egbert, our unreserve would have been almost wrong if we had known the canons of behavior we learnt afterwards. Ah! who at that time would have thought I was to yield to what I did? I wish now that I had met you at the door in Chevron Square, as I promised. But I feared to — I had promised Lord Bretton — and I that evening received a lecturing from my father, who saw you at the concert — he was in a seat further behind. And then, when I heard of your great success, how I wished I had held out a little longer! for I knew your hard labor had been on my account. When we met again last night it seemed awful, horrible — what I had done. Yet how could I tell you plainly? When I got indoors I felt I should die of misery, and I went to my father, and said I could not be married to-morrow. Oh, how angry he was, and what a dreadful scene occurred!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My poor Geraldine!" said Egbert, supporting her with his arm.

"When I was in my room this came into my mind, 'Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' I could bear it no longer. I was determined not to marry him, and to see you again, whatever came of it. I dressed, and came down-stairs noiselessly, and slipped out. I knew where your house was, and I hastened here."

"You will never marry him now?"

"Never. Yet what can I do? Oh! what can I do? If I go back to my father — no, I cannot go back now — it is too late. But if they should find me, and drag me back, and compel me to perform my promise!"

"There is one simple way to prevent that, if, beloved Geraldine, you will agree to adopt it."

"Yes."

"By becoming *my* wife, at once. We would return to London as soon as the ceremony was over; and there you may defy them all."

"Oh, Egbert! I have thought of this —"

"You will have no reason to regret it. Perhaps I can introduce you to as intellectual, if odd-mannered and less aristocratic, society than that you have been accustomed to."

"Yes, I know it, — I reflected on it before I came . . . I will be your wife," she replied tenderly. "I have come to you, and to you I will cling."

Egbert kissed her lips then for the first time in his life. He reflected for some time, if that process could be called reflection which was accompanied with so much excitement.

"The parson of your parish would perhaps refuse to marry us, even if we could get to the church secretly," he said, with a cloud on his brow. "That's a difficulty."

"Oh, don't take me there!" I cannot go to Tollamore. I shall be seen, or we shall be parted. Don't take me there."

"No, no; I will not, love. I was only thinking. Are you known in this parish?"

"Well, yes; not, however, to the clergyman. He is a young man — old Mr. Keene is dead, you know."

"Then I can manage it." Egbert clasped her in his arms in the delight of his heart. "Now this is our course. I am first going to the surrogate's, and then further; and while I am gone you must stay in this house absolutely alone, and lock yourself in for safety. There is food in the house, and wine in that cupboard; you must stay here in hiding till I come back. It is now five o'clock. I will be here again at latest by eleven. If anybody knocks, remain silent, and the house will be supposed empty, as it lately has been so for a long time. My old servant and waitress must not come here to-day — I will manage that. I will light a fire, which will have burnt down by daylight, so that the room will be warmed for you. Sit there while I set about it."

He lit the fire, placed on the table all the food the house afforded, and went away.

CHAPTER VI.

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

IN half an hour Egbert returned, leading a horse.

"I have borrowed this from an old neighbor," he said, "and I have told the woman who waits upon me that I am going on a journey, and shall lock up the house to-day, so that she will not be wanted. And now, dearest, I want you to lend me something."

"Whatever it may be, you know it is yours."

"It is that," he answered, lightly touching with the tip of his finger a sparkling ring she wore on hers — the same she had used to wear at their youthful meetings in past years. "I want it as a pattern for the size."

She drew it off and handed it to him, at the same time raising her eyelids and glancing under his with a little laugh of confusion. His heart responded, and he kissed her; but he could not help feeling that she was by far too fair a prize for him.

She accompanied him to the door, and Mayne mounted the horse. They parted, and, waiting to hear her lock herself in, he cantered off by a bridge-path towards a town about five miles off.

It was so early that the surrogate on whom he called had not yet breakfasted, but he was very willing to see Mayne, and took him at once to the study. Egbert briefly told him what he wanted; that the lady he wished to marry was at that very moment in his house, and could go nowhere else for shelter — hence the earliness and urgency of his errand.

The surrogate seemed to see rather less interest in the circumstances than Mayne did himself; but he at once prepared the application for a license. When it was done, he made it up into a letter, directed it, and placed it on the mantelpiece. "It shall go by this evening's post," he said.

"But," said Egbert, "considering the awkward position this lady is in, cannot a special messenger be sent for the license? It is only seven or eight miles to —, and yet otherwise I must wait for two days' posts."

"Undoubtedly; if anybody likes to pay for it, a special messenger may be sent."

"There will be no paying; I am willing to go myself. Do you object?"

"No; if the case is really serious, and the lady is dangerously compromised by every delay."

Mayne left the vicarage of the surrogate and again rode off; this time it was towards a well-known cathedral town. He felt bewildering sensations during this stroke for happiness, and went on his journey in that state of mind which takes cognizance of little things, without at the time being conscious of them, though they return vividly upon the memory long after.

He reached the city after a ride of seven additional miles, and soon obtained the precious document, and all else that he required. Returning to the inn where the horse had been rested, rubbed down, and

fed, he again crossed the saddle, and at ten minutes past eleven he was back at Fairland. Before going to Monk's Hut, where Geraldine was immured, he hastened straight to the parsonage.

The young clergyman looked curiously at him, and at the bespattered and jaded horse outside. "Surely you are too rash in the matter," he said.

"No," said Egbert; "there are weighty reasons why I should be in such haste. The lady has at present no home to go to. She has taken shelter with me. I am doing what I consider best in so awkward a case."

The parson took down his hat, and said, "Very well; I will go to the church at once. You must be quick if it is to be done to-day."

Mayne left the horse for the present in the parson's yard, ran round to the clerk, thence to Monk's Hut, and called Geraldine.

It was, indeed, a hasty preparation for a wedding ceremony that these two made that morning. She was standing at the window, quite ready, and feverish with waiting. Kissing her gaily and breathlessly he directed her by a slightly circuitous path to the church; and, when she had been gone about two minutes, proceeded thither himself by the direct road, so that they met in the porch. Within, the clergyman, clerk, and clerk's wife had already gathered; and Geraldine and Egbert advanced to the communion railing.

Thus they became man and wife.

"Now he cannot claim me anyhow," she murmured when the service was ended, as she sank almost fainting upon the arm of Mayne.

"Mr. Mayne," said the clergyman, aside to him in the vestry, "what is the name of the family at Tollamore House?"

"Strangely enough, Allenville — the same as hers," said he coolly.

The parson looked keenly and dubiously at Mayne, and Egbert returned the look, whereupon the other turned aside and said nothing.

Egbert and Geraldine returned to their hermitage on foot, as they had left it; and, by rigorously excluding all thoughts of the future, they felt happy with the same old unreasoning happiness as of six years before, now resumed for the first time since that date.

But it was quite impossible that the hastily married pair should remain at Monk's Hut unseen and unknown, as they fain would have done. Almost as soon as they had sat down in the house they came

to the conclusion that there was no alternative for them but to start at once for Melport, if not for London. The difficulty was to get a conveyance. The only horse obtainable here, though a strong one, had already been tired down by Egbert in the morning, and the nearest village at which another could be had was about two miles off.

"I can walk as far as that," said Geraldine.

"Then walk we will," said Egbert. "It will remove all our difficulty." And, first packing up a small valise, he locked the door and went off with her upon his arm, just as the church clock struck one.

That walk through the woods was as romantic an experience as any they had ever known in their lives, though Geraldine was far from being quite happy. On reaching the village, which was larger than Fairland, they were fortunate enough to secure a carriage without any trouble. The village stood on the turnpike road, and a fly, about to return to Melport, where it had come from, was halting before the inn. Egbert hired it at once, and in little less than an hour and a half bridegroom and bride were comfortably housed in a quiet hotel of the seaport town above mentioned.

CHAPTER VII.

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THEY remained three days at Melport without having come to any decision on their future movements.

On the third day, at breakfast, Egbert took up the local newspaper which had been published that morning, and his eye presently glanced upon a paragraph headed "The Tollamore Elopement."

Before reading it he considered for a moment whether he should lay the journal aside, and for the present hide its contents from the tremulous creature opposite. But deeming this unadvisable, he gently prepared her for the news, and read the paragraph aloud.

It was to the effect that the village of Tollamore and its neighborhood had been thrown into an unwonted state of excitement by the disappearance of Miss Allenville on the eve of the preparations for her marriage with Lord Bretton, which had been alluded to in their last number. Simultaneously there had disappeared from a neighboring village, whither he had come for a few months' retirement, a gentleman named Mayne, of considerable literary

reputation in the metropolis, and apparently an old acquaintance of Miss Allenville's. Efforts had been made to trace the fugitives by the young lady's father and the distracted bridegroom, Lord Bretton, but hitherto all their exertions had been unavailing.

Subjoined was another paragraph, entitled "Latest particulars."

"It has just been discovered that Mr. Mayne and Miss Allenville are already man and wife. They were boldly married at the parish church of Fairland, before any person in the village had the least suspicion who or what they were. It appears that the lady joined her intended husband early that morning at the cottage he had taken for the season, that they went to the church by different paths, and after the ceremony walked out of the parish by a route as yet unknown. In consequence of this intelligence Lord Bretton has returned to London, and her father is left alone to mourn the young lady's rashness."

Egbert lifted his eyes and watched Geraldine as he finished reading. On perceiving his look she tried to smile. The smile thinned away, for there was not cheerfulness enough to support it long, and she said faintly, "Egbert, what must be done?"

"We must, I suppose, leave this place, darling; charming as our life is here."

"Yes; I fear we must."

"London seems to be the spot for us at once, before we attract the attention of the people here."

"How well everything might end," she said, "if my father were induced to welcome you, and make the most of your reputation! I wonder, wonder if he would! In that case there would be little amiss."

Mayne, after some reflection, said, "I think that I will go to your father before we leave for town. We are certain to be discovered by somebody or other, either here or in London, and that would bring your father, and there would possibly result a public meeting between him and myself at which words might be uttered which could not be forgotten on either side; so that a private meeting and explanation is safest, before anything of that sort can happen."

"I think," she said, looking to see if he approved of her words as they fell, "I think that a still better course would be for me to go to him — alone."

Mayne did not care much about this plan at first; but further discussion gave

it a more feasible aspect, since Allenville, though stern and proud, was fond of his daughter, and had never crossed her, except when her whims interfered, as he considered, with her interests. Nothing could unmarry them; and Geraldine's mind would be much more at ease after begging her father's forgiveness. The journey was therefore decided on. They waited till nearly evening, and then, ordering round a brougham, Egbert told the man to drive to Tollamore.

The journey to Geraldine was tedious and oppressive to a degree. When, after two hours' driving, they drew near the park precincts, she said shivering, —

"I don't like to drive up to the house, Egbert."

"I will do just as you like. What do you propose?"

"To let him wait in the road, under the three oak-trees, while you and I walk to the house."

Egbert humored her in everything; and when they reached the designated spot the driver was stopped, and they alighted. Carefully wrapping her up he gave her his arm, and they started for Tollamore House at an easy pace through the moonlit park, avoiding the direct road as much as possible.

Geraldine spoke but little during the walk, especially when they neared the house, and passed across the smooth broad glade which surrounded it. At sight of the door she seemed to droop, and leant heavily upon him. Egbert more than ever wished to confront Mr. Allenville himself; morally and socially it appeared to him the right thing to do. But Geraldine trembled when he again proposed it; and he yielded to her entreaty thus far, that he would wait a few minutes till she had entered and seen her father privately, and prepared the way for Egbert to follow, which he would then do in due course.

The spot in which she desired him to wait was a summer-house under a tree about fifty yards from the lawn front of the house, and commanding a view of the door on this side. She was to enter unobserved by the servants, and go straight to her father, when, should he listen to her with the least show of mildness, she would send out for Egbert to follow. If the worst were to happen, and he were to be enraged with her, refusing to listen to entreaties or explanations, she would hasten out, rejoin Egbert, and depart.

In this little summer-house he embraced

her, and bade her adieu, after their honeymoon of three short days. She trembled so much that she could scarcely walk when he let go her hand.

"Don't go alone — you are not well," said Egbert.

"Yes, yes, dearest, I am — and I will soon return, so soon!" she answered; and he watched her crossing the grass and advancing, a mere dot, towards the mansion. In a short time the appearance of an oblong of light in the shadowy expanse of wall denoted to him that the door was open: her outline appeared on it; then the door shut her in, and all was shadow as before. Even though they were husband and wife the line of demarcation seemed to be drawn again as rigidly as when he lived at the school.

Egbert waited in the solitude of this place minute by minute, restlessly swinging his foot when seated, at other times walking up and down, and anxiously watching for the arrival of some messenger. Nearly half an hour passed, but no messenger came.

The first sign of life in the neighborhood of the house was in the shape of a man on horseback, galloping from the stable entrance. Egbert saw this by looking over the wall at the back of the summer-house; and the man passed along the open drive, vanishing in the direction of the lodge. Mayne, not without some presentiment of ill, wondered what it could mean, but thought it just possible that the horseman was a special messenger sent to catch the late post at the nearest town, as was sometimes done by Squire Allenville. So he curbed his impatience for Geraldine's sake.

Next he observed lights moving in the upper windows of the building. "It has been made known to them all that she is come, and they are preparing a room," he thought hopefully.

But nobody came from the door to welcome him; his existence was apparently forgotten by the whole world. In another ten minutes he saw the Melport brougham that had brought them, creeping slowly up to the house. Egbert went round to the man, and told him to drive to the stables and wait for orders.

From the length of Geraldine's absence, Mayne could not help concluding that the impression produced on her father was of a doubtful kind, not quite favorable enough to warrant her in telling him at once that her husband was in waiting. Still, a sense of his dignity as her husband might have

constrained her to introduce him as soon as possible, and he had only agreed to wait a few minutes. Something unexpected must, after all, have occurred. And this supposition was confirmed a moment later by the noise of a horse and carriage coming up the drive. Egbert again looked over into the open park, and saw the vehicle reach the carriage entrance, where somebody alighted and went in.

"Her father away from home perhaps, and now just returned," he said.

He lingered yet another ten minutes, and then could endure no longer. Before he could reach the lawn door through which Geraldine had disappeared it opened. A person came out and, without shutting the door, hastened across to where Egbert stood. The man was a servant without a hat on, and the moment that he saw Mayne he ran up to him.

"Mr. Mayne?" he said.

"It is," said Egbert.

"Mr. Allenville desires that you will come with me. There is something serious the matter. Miss Allenville is taken dangerously ill, and she wishes to see you."

"What has happened to her?" gasped Egbert breathlessly.

"Miss Allenville came unexpectedly home just now, and directly she saw her father it gave her such a turn that she fainted, and ruptured a blood-vessel internally, and fell upon the floor. They have put her to bed, and the doctor has come, but we are afraid she won't live over it. She has suffered from it before."

Egbert did not speak, but walked hastily beside the man-servant. The only recollection that he ever had in after years of entering that house was a vague idea of stags' antlers in a long row on the wall, and a sense of great breadth in the stone staircase as he ascended it. Everything else was in a mist.

Mr. Allenville, on being informed of his arrival, came out and met him in the corridor.

Egbert's mind was so entirely given up to the one thought that the life of his Geraldine was in danger, that he quite forgot the peculiar circumstances under which he met Allenville, and the peculiar behavior necessary on that account. He seized her father's hand, and said abruptly,

"Where is she? Is the danger great?"

Allenville withdrew his hand, turned, and led the way into his daughter's room, merely saying in a low, hard tone, "Your wife is in great danger, sir."

Egbert rushed to the bedside and bent over her in agony not to be described. Allenville sent the attendants from the room, and closed the door.

"Father," she whispered feebly, "I cannot help loving him. Would you leave us alone? We are very dear to each other, and perhaps I shall soon die."

"Anything you wish, child," he said with stern anguish; "and anything can hardly include more." Seeing that she looked hurt at this, he spoke more pleasantly. "I am glad to please you—you know I am, Geraldine—to the utmost." He then went out.

"They would not have let you know if Dr. Williams had not insisted," she said. "I could not speak to explain at first—that's how it is you have been left there so long."

"Geraldine, dear, dear Geraldine, why should all this have come upon us?" he said in broken accents.

"Perhaps it is best," she murmured. "I hardly knew what I was doing when I entered the door, or how I could explain to my father, or what could be done to reconcile him to us. He kept me waiting a little time before he would see me, but at last he came into the room. I felt a fullness on my chest, I could not speak, and then this happened to me. Papa has asked no questions."

A silence followed, interrupted only by her fitful breathing:—

A silence which doth follow talk, that causes The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears.

"Do you love me very much now, Egbert?" she said. "After all my vacillation, do you?"

"Yes—how can you doubt?"

"I do not doubt. I know you love me. But will you stay here till I get better? You must stay. Papa is sure to be friendly with you now."

"Don't agitate yourself, dearest, about me. All is right with me here. Your health is the one thing to be anxious about now."

"I have only been taken ill like this once before in my life, and I thought it would never be again."

As she was not allowed to speak much, he remained holding her hand; and after some time she sank into a light sleep. Egbert then went from the chamber for a moment, and asked the physician who was in the next room, if there was good hope for her life.

"It is a dangerous attack, and she is very weak," he replied, concealing, though scarcely able to conceal, the curiosity with which he regarded Egbert; for the marriage had now become generally known.

The evening and night wore on. Great events in which he could not participate seemed to be passing over Egbert's head; a stir was in progress, of whose results he grasped but small and fragmentary notions. And, on the other hand, it was mournfully strange to notice her father's behavior during these hours of doubt. It was only when he despaired that he looked upon Egbert with tolerance. When he hoped, the young man's presence was hateful to him.

Not knowing what to do when out of her chamber, having nobody near him to whom he could speak on intimate terms, Egbert passed a wretched time of three long days. After watching by her for several hours on the third day, he went downstairs, and into the open air. There intelligence was brought him that another effusion, more violent than any which preceded it, had taken place. Egbert rushed back to her room. Powerful remedies were applied, but none availed. A fainting-fit followed, and in two or three hours it became plain to those who understood that there was no Geraldine for the morrow.

Sometimes she was lethargic, and as if her spirit had already flown; then her mind wandered; but towards the end she was sensible of all that was going on, though unable to speak, her strength being barely enough to enable her to receive an idea.

It was a gentle death. She was as acquiescent as if she had been a saint, which was not the least striking and uncommon feature in the life of this fair and unfortunate lady. Her husband held one tiny hand, remaining all the time on the right side of the bed in a nook beside the curtains, while her father and the rest remained on the left side, never raising their eyes to him, and scarcely ever addressing him.

Everything was so still that her weak act of trying to live seemed a silent wrestling with all the powers of the universe. Pale and hopelessly anxious they all waited and watched the heavy shadows close over her. It might have been thought that death felt for her and took her tenderly. She sighed twice or three times; then her heart stood still; and this strange family alliance was at an end forever.

THOMAS HARDY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PUBLIC CAREER AND PERSONAL CHARACTER OF FRANCIS BACON.*

BY JAMES ROWLEY.

THE subject of this paper, difficult as it is even to men of exceptional knowledge and capacity, has yet two conspicuous advantages — its limits are marked with tolerable distinctness, and the area those limits inclose is not too wide to be fairly taken in by any mind of average capacity. It is true that to most the mere mention of the name "Lord Bacon" suggests a field of intellectual labor that stretches far beyond the horizon of all ordinary and of most extraordinary observers; but that is because those that think and talk about Lord Bacon generally think and talk about the writer of the "*Novum Organum*" and "History of Henry VII.," not about the learned counsel, the attorney-general, the lord chancellor. My business at present is exclusively with the latter. Not only too is the range of the subject distinctly limited, but also the facts it deals with have been fairly ascertained. Thanks to Bacon's own care in preserving the letters and other documents that reveal or illustrate his actions, and the loving diligence of a succession of scholars — of whom Mr. James Spedding is the latest, fullest, and worthiest — the most eventful passages of his life have been laid bare to the satisfaction of rational curiosity. There is not much dispute about what Bacon actually said and did on the occasions which supply the most abundant matter for controversy; it is almost invariably on the right interpretation of his sayings and doings that the disputants join issue. Bacon's apologists do not deny that he had been nobly befriended by the man against whose life he pleaded in court, that he watched — so far as we know, without flinching — the agonies of a half-crazy parson in whose unpreached sermon the king professed that he saw most dangerous treason, that he allowed the reigning favorite to write him letters desiring him as chancellor to show all the favor he might to particular suitors, that he took presents from parties to causes in his court whose cases were still undecided, and that he was active in many of the transactions that the historians of James's reign have visited with emphatic reprobation; but they maintain that in most of these alleged misdeeds Bacon was justified by their circumstances or by the practice of the time, and in the

* This paper is the substance of a lecture given at the Museum and Library, Bristol, in February last.

remainder that his sin was not of so dark a hue as not to be easily forgiven by fellow-sinners. Even over the minor details of his actions there is little wrangling.

Now the proper method of treating this subject seems to be, to fix the attention solely on Bacon as a lawyer and statesman, forgetting for the moment that he was ever anything else. If we do not carefully separate the chancellor from the philosopher, or rather — to take a hint from the poet Cowley — contemplate the chancellor of King James's laws apart from the chancellor of nature's laws, do not succeed in *isolating* the former, we shall be sure to go astray. Bacon chose to cast in his lot with the Cecils, Howards, and Egertons of the day, and as a Cecil, a Howard, or an Egerton he must consent to be judged. In his will "he leaves his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages." But every one whom fortune or his own energy has lifted into high place does pretty much the same, though he may not often say as much. One, however, cannot help suspecting that the spoken appeal of the author of the "Essays" and "Advancement of Learning" has been more potent with the dispensers of posthumous justice than the dumb appeal of his unlettered brethren. Literature has taken charge of all alike, and literary men are not the "kinless loons" that Cromwell's Scottish judges were; the justice they deal out to historical characters of their own craft is more generously tempered with mercy than that which they deal out to those whose kinship they do not acknowledge. In this there is nothing to be surprised at, and little to blame; working in the full sunlight of a grand intellectual reputation, literature can hardly help being dazzled. But at present my course is clear; strictly speaking, it is to Viscount St. Albans, not Francis Bacon, that we must now give our attention.

Yet, comparatively narrow as our field is thus made, there is in it, as experience has shown, ample scope for criticism and controversy. Bacon's public career has provoked a good deal of both; of the latter something more than its fair share. For the criticism I make no apology. The subject demands it; I must only take care that it be as just as my knowledge, insight, and critical gift permit.

Bacon's public career stretches over thirty-seven years. He sat in every Parliament — nine in all — that was called between his twenty-fourth and sixty-first years, being a member of the Commons'

House in all but the last, in the last being for a time not only a member of the Lords' House, but in a certain sense its leading member. There is no special distinction about his Parliamentary career, though constituencies and fellow-members seem to have been sensible of his fine qualities. Middlesex chose him to one Parliament, Cambridge University to another, the latter carrying him off from Ipswich and St. Albans, which had also elected him. But the time had not yet come when men could rise to what Bacon seems to have sought after — power, honor, and wealth — by the Parliamentary ladder alone; and Bacon, though not undistinguished, cannot be said to have shone as a Parliament man. The day for shining in Parliament had, however, not yet dawned. His name is found in the debates from the very first, appears with increasing frequency in every successive Parliament or session of Parliament, and is now and then conspicuous in originating, supporting, or pushing forward important measures. There are two or three noticeable things about his notions and behavior in the Commons and the sentiments of the other members regarding him. He had a somewhat higher conception of the Parliamentary functions than prevailed in the sixteenth century. Thinking it unworthy of a great nation that its representatives should be called together merely to vote money to the crown, he not only strove to give the appearance of a more dignified purpose and a loftier tone to the debates, but also did somewhat to take away their reproach by introducing several measures of public utility himself. One of these, for the repeal of superfluous laws, on which he tried to awaken some degree of interest in Elizabeth's last Parliament, is notable as showing Bacon's forecast of a monstrous abuse, and attempted anticipation of a great reform of modern times. Even in speaking on a subsidy bill — a not very inspiring subject — he is seen endeavoring to pitch the note of the discussion a little higher than honorable gentlemen were accustomed to, and to stir up within the Commons some sense of their own dignity.

It is also honorable to Bacon that the Commons appear to have had a large measure of faith in his capacity, honesty, and discretion. He was their favorite — in his mature days perhaps their inviolable — reporter of committees, as the chairman was then called, and of conferences with the king or the Lords: and so entirely did the Commons trust him that they more than once put him at the head of commit-

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tees charged to carry out objects that he had strongly opposed. Many proofs of this unlimited confidence in his punctual fulfilment of a trust are found in those stirring passages of Parliamentary history connected with the impositions, purveyance, and other grievances over which James's first Parliament was so fretful. For part of this time Bacon was solicitor or attorney general, and took the side of the crown on every disputed question with a promptitude and adhered to it with a steadiness that have drawn down on him the scorn of some modern writers; yet the House would have *him* and no other as the leading member of committees appointed to search for precedents, argue before the Lords, or address the king, in favor of opinions that were the reverse of his own. And in no single instance did the House show the slightest dissatisfaction with him; in the only one in which his conduct seemed open to exception, "the acclamation of the House was"—these are the very words of the report—"that the course" Bacon had taken "on the spur of the moment" in the king's presence "was a testimony of their duty and no levity."* Mr. Spedding clearly has excellent grounds for his opinion that the Commons found Bacon to be the man among them in whose hands "any business of delicacy or difficulty always prospered best."

And in the Parliamentary element Bacon's bearing was self-possessed, dignified, and manly. So far as we know, Parliament seldom heard an intemperate word fall from his lips; though his opinions were often ill-received by the majority in the most exciting debates, he maintained an unruffled serenity; he seems to have never once forgotten himself when upholding unpopular views. For after the great queen's death the temper of the Commons changed; the premonitory symptoms, though none understood them, of a great revolution began to show themselves; the House not seldom betrayed a disposition to fall into an ungovernable mood without precedent in Elizabethan Parliaments. This was a new experience to Bacon. He had hitherto striven to raise Parliament out of the region of humdrum, but had never dreamed of its asserting a position in the State injurious to the prerogative of the crown. A state of things in which the Commons should be supreme would have been to him a revelation of political chaos, a confusion worse confounded. To Ba-

con the idea that the affairs of a great nation should be controlled, and its policy dictated, by a miscellaneous collection of country gentlemen, lawyers, and merchants, would have been ridiculous. Accordingly, from the beginning of the seventeenth century Bacon held steadfastly to the crown. He took the same side as King James on every public question, was diligent in seeking arguments in favor of every pet scheme of the king's, pushed himself into the front of the king's partisans in every dispute, in a word placed his reasoning and persuading powers absolutely at the king's disposal. It would not be easy to find a trace of a difference of opinion between the king and Bacon during the first fourteen years of Stuart rule.

For all that, it is not necessary to pronounce Bacon a servile tool of tyranny, though some have not scrupled to do so. It is easy to point out the close association between Bacon's worldly interests and the course he pursued, and to hint that like many philosophical politicians he had a turn for swimming with the stream. It is true that during a part of this time Bacon was hungry for office, during another part actually in office, the paid servant of the crown; but there is nothing to show that the opinions he expressed were not the opinions he held. We may have our suspicions, may be eager to find indications that the motives ascribed to him did not operate, but we can confidently assert that in Bacon's Parliamentary career there is nothing to fix a dishonorable stain on his name. If he went with the crown now, whereas he had once shown another inclination, the circumstances were altered. Instead of lying in stagnation, Parliament was now instinct with life. Bacon had now little reason to fear that the Lower House would settle down into a mere political mechanism for increasing the royal revenue. His apprehension may now have been that it would show too great activity, and advance pretensions irreconcilable with order and good government, and Mr. Spedding actually credits him with such an apprehension; and Bacon, whose longing for good government was undoubtedly a genuine feeling, may have been convinced that with the crown only lay the possibility of giving the nation that one priceless blessing. For this is the theory on which his champions rest their vindication of his conduct in attaching himself to the court. What his eyes desired to see above all things was the establishment of rational principles and sound methods of government; there was but one means of secur-

* Spedding, iii. 172.

ing this, he thought, the royal prerogative, and so he was ready to defend the royal prerogative against all attacks. Unless I am much mistaken in my reading of Bacon's political career, this is a well-founded theory; it seems to me to rhyme accurately with everything we know of his sayings and doings as a political thinker, a Parliamentary speaker, and a minister of State. If this be so, there is little to object to in Bacon's conduct as a Parliament man. The case against him would have little plausibility if it drew its materials from this province of his life alone.

But the far more active sphere of Bacon's political labors lay outside Parliament, and to it belong those parts of Bacon's conduct over which historians and moralists have shaken their heads, and regarding which thoroughly informed critics are not yet agreed as to their verdict. Into this sphere Bacon did not find admission so easy as into Parliament. He had to wait for nearly a quarter of a century and to sit in seven Parliaments before he was appointed to any office under the crown, or was even given any permanent public employment. Why he was kept in the antechamber so long has never been satisfactorily explained. His transcendent ability seems to have been admitted from the first; his father, who had been for twenty-one years among the most faithful and valued of Elizabeth's ministers, had designed and partly trained him for the service of the queen; he was himself more than willing to be dedicated to the same service; the man highest in the confidence of the sovereign was his close connection, for some years the young noble whom the queen delighted to honor was his enthusiastic friend and vehement advocate, for a time the royal ear was open to his own pleadings; one could hardly conceive an aspirant with greater advantages, internal and external, better gifted or better circumstanced. Yet, though a seeker as early as 1580, he was not a finder of what he sought until 1607, when he was made solicitor-general. He had certainly been before this one of the learned counsel to both Elizabeth and James, and an occasional bit of employment had been thrown him, in which he did his part so well that it is surprising he did not get more. It would have been well for his fame, however, had he been passed over in one too notorious case; his appearance in court against his benefactor, Essex, and his acceptance of 1,200*l.* (about 6,000*l.* now), the fine of one of Essex's less unlucky associates, still make a dark blot on

his memory, which, to my mind, no amount of apologetic literature will ever wholly wash away. The fact remains that the greatest intellect of his time was kept shivering in the shade for two-thirds of his working life.

Some think that the Cecils, father and son, looked with a jealous eye on their young kinsman, and seeing in him a possible obstacle to their own designs, craftily poisoned their mistress's mind against him. For this notion there is nothing that can be called evidence, unless the fact that Bacon and his mother were at one time strongly suspicious of the younger Cecil — and with Lady Bacon at least suspicions were certainties — is to be taken as such. The elder Cecil gave him the reversion of the clerkship of the Star Chamber, a post worth 1,600*l.* a year, equal to 8,000*l.* now; to the younger, Bacon is almost passionate in protesting his devotion. "I do protest before God," he once wrote to Robert Cecil, "without compliment or any light vein of mind, if I knew in what course of life to do you best service, I would take it, and make my thoughts, which now fly to many pieces, be reduced to that centre."* I am nearly sure that the tardiness in Bacon's upward progress was not due to any active ill-will on the part of the Cecils.

Some think that the deep offence that Bacon gave the queen by his unexpected display of spirit in the Parliament of 1593, when he helped to spoil an ingenious plan for entrapping the Commons into an acknowledgment of a co-ordinate power in the Lords over money bills, thrust him back from the door at a critical moment. There is no doubt that the queen was greatly displeased on this occasion, and denied the offender admission to her presence for a considerable time. Yet patience and prudent management brought back the queen's favor, though it did *not* bring the preferment his soul longed for. Elizabeth died, and all that Bacon gained from the new king was a pension of 60*l.* a year, security in his position of learned counsel, and the cheap honor of knighthood: more than four years had yet to pass before the coveted solicitorship was given him.

It might be thought that Bacon was unfortunate in his choice of a profession. That a man whom so fastidious a critic as Joubert decides to have been "a grand and noble intellect," and who was fully alive to his own powers, should have elected to win his way to wealth and learned leisure through

* Spedding, iv. 247.

The codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,

called the law of England, is not exactly what we should have expected. Bacon wrangling with Coke about the reseizure of the lands of a relaxed recusant! * Cutting blocks with a razor is a most inexpressive image of such a proceeding; a Beethoven or a Wagner grinding "Yankee Doodle" on a barrel-organ daily from morning to evening would be more like the thing. But it was only when all other avenues were apparently closed against him that Bacon took seriously to practising the law.

Perhaps the true reason of Bacon's being kept waiting so long lies nearer the surface. May it not have been that both Elizabeth and James were unwilling to take him into their service because they thought him unfit for it? The most excellent of Elizabeth's many royal excellences, historians tell us, was a keen insight into character and a readiness to be served by available merit, wherever found; it is well-nigh inconceivable that she would have declined to employ Bacon had she been assured that to employ him would have been for her advantage and the nation's. And James simply picked up the reins as they had fallen from Elizabeth's hands; the early part of his reign was merely a continuance of his predecessor's so far as the change of charioteers allowed. It is not unlikely — there are not a few touches in Bacon's biography that suggest it — that Bacon was regarded at court rather as a thinker than as a man of action, a speculative dreamer rather than an efficient worker. Now, the clerkship of the Star Chamber was just the place for such a man; its income, managed with ordinary prudence, would have given him abundant leisure to dream on things to come and to build up great instaurations to his heart's content. And if Mr. Mill, the man in possession, had no sense of his responsibilities, and kept Bacon out of the place for nineteen years by living unconscionably long, that was not Elizabeth's fault or Burghley's. Now and then Bacon himself betrays a consciousness of unfitness for the work he was so eager to undertake. Writing to Bodley in 1606, he says: "I do confess, since I was of any understanding my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one that led the rest; that know-

ing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes; for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind." * Too much significance, however, may easily be given to words like these; so much depends on the humor a man is in when he writes them. Other passages may be found in Bacon's letters and papers that speak a different language.

One thing, however, is clear; if Bacon failed to win preferment in early life, it was not through any excess of modesty or backwardness in asking. There is no blinking the fact, Bacon was a sturdy beggar all his life. He prayed, and never fainted; he kept steadily knocking at the doors of office; no disappointment disheartened him, no rebuff daunted him; it would be curious to calculate what proportion of his extant letters thank for past or solicit future favors or support. The result of such a calculation would, I am afraid, be humiliating. Almost his first letter that has survived, one to his uncle Burghley, had "no further errand but to commend unto your lordship the remembrance of my suit which then I moved unto you;" † almost the last entreats Sir Humphrey May "to sound the Duke of Buckingham's good affection towards me before you do move him in the particular petitions." ‡ And the forty-five years of Bacon's life that lie between these two letters are of a piece with such a beginning and ending. His first suit, which lasted for some seven years, fairly over, no practice coming, and Mr. Mill, the Star-Chamber obstructive, being insensible to his clear duty, Bacon in his thirty-third year, briefless barrister as he was, addressed himself to the task of winning the vacant attorney-generalship. His rival was Edward Coke, the great common-lawyer; but Coke's massive legal knowledge was, Bacon thought, more than counterbalanced as an advantage by the warm friendship the queen's favorite, Essex, felt for himself. Essex certainly did his part thoroughly; he made his friend's case more than his own, spending, as he said, "his utmost friendship, credit, and authority" in promoting Bacon's suit, and during fourteen months of hot strife never letting slip an opportunity of pressing Bacon's claim and "driving in a nail for the negative of the Huddler," § as Bacon phrases

* Spedding, iii. 1-5.

* Spedding, vol. iii. 253.

† Ibid. i. 12.

‡ Ibid. vii. 548.

§ Ibid. i. 265.

it in one of his letters, "Huddler" being Coke's nickname with Bacon and Essex. It was all lost labor, however; the Huddler got the place. But his appointment left the solicitorship vacant; and a fight began for the solicitorship which was kept up for eighteen months with an almost passionate, certainly injudicious, pertinacity on Essex's part. Essex's letters to Bacon testify to his utter abandonment of himself to his friend's service. In one he writes, "She [that is, the queen] in passion bade me go to bed, if I could talk of nothing else. Wherefore, in passion I went away, saying while I was with her I could not but solicit for the cause and man I so much affected."* In another he comforts Bacon by telling him that the queen "doth not contradict confidently, which they that know the minds of women say is a sign of yielding."† Bacon threatened that, if refused the place, he would retire with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend his life in studies and contemplations.‡ But neither Bacon's threats, nor Essex's ardor, nor yet the colder advocacy of Burghley, availed Bacon aught; the solicitorship went to another. Bacon swallowed his disgust, and did not retire to Cambridge. In a few months Egerton's elevation to the office of lord keeper threw open the mastership of the rolls to legal ambition, and Bacon at once turned a longing eye on the place. Essex was at Plymouth, deep in preparations for the grand enterprise against Cadiz, which in a month's time was to make his own fame and the nation's ring through Europe. Yet he responded promptly and heartily to his friend's appeal. If Bacon was once more disappointed it was not through lack of zeal in Essex. While this suit was still waiting for a final answer, others were going on, the ghosts of which flit across Mr. Spedding's pages. One of these is remarkable as involving in its rejection the gravest consequences, if the suitor is to be believed. "I will," writes Bacon to his uncle, "use no reason to persuade your lordship's mediation but this: that your lordship and my other friends shall in this beg my life of the queen; for I see well the bar will be my bier, as I must and will use it rather than that my poor estate or reputation shall decay. But I stand indifferent whether God call me or her Majesty."§ That is, if I do not get this post, I will

take to practising at the bar, and the bar is sure to be the death of me. He did not get the post, but he was, notwithstanding, no more careful to die than he had been before to retire to Cambridge. He then tried to make a bargain with Egerton, offering to give up the reversion of the clerkship of the Star Chamber to one of Egerton's sons, if Egerton would only induce his mistress to make him master of the rolls. But Egerton declined the offer — had, perhaps, no mind to so one-sided a compact. About this time the death of Sir William Hatton created a vacancy of another kind, and Bacon was as ready to take Sir William's place in his family and household, as he had ever been to serve the queen. Essex rushed with characteristic energy and fire into this new suit of Bacon's, but his fervent pleadings went the way of their predecessors; the lady preferred to be consoled by Coke, who thus a second time carried off a coveted prize from Bacon.

To go through the list of Bacon's applications for good things, that were nearly always refused him, in the later years of Elizabeth's and earlier of James's reign, were a wearisome and thankless task. It is worth while, however, to take a passing glance at the motives he sometimes assigned for his eagerness to get them. In 1600 he petitioned the queen for an estate. There were three feelings at work, he declares, to make him ask the favor — his love for his mother, who he mightily desired might carry to her grave the comfort of seeing her son with an unincumbered property, his desire to secure Gorbambury, and be able to entertain her Majesty there, and "to trim and dress the grounds for her Majesty's solace," and his wish to be freed "from the contempt of the contemptible, that measure a man by his estate."* This last is that ignoblest of motives which the great-hearted Diogenes of our day has called "striking the surrounding flunkies yellow." And a few months after James's accession, when he found a royal favor, the then dishonoring honor of knighthood, which Ben Jonson refused, within his reach, he asks for it "because of my late disgrace" — an arrest for debt, presumably — "and because I have three new knights in my mess in Gray's Inn commons, and because I have found out (the phrase is significant) an alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden, to my liking."† At that time the king

* Spedding, i. 289.

† Ibid. i. 290.

‡ Ibid. i. 291.

§ Ibid. ii. 49.

* Spedding, ii. 166.

† Ibid. iii. 80.

never seemed so happy as when making knights; and in a few days the high-souled philosopher was able to woo his handsome maiden as *Sir Francis Bacon*. And having, after three years' wooing, won the handsome maiden, he proceeds to utilize her as he had before utilized his mother. Pleading anxiously with the lord chancellor for the solicitorship, he wrote: "Were it not to satisfy my wife's friends, and to get myself out of being a common gaze and speech, I protest before God I would never speak word for it."* And though one feels a shock at hearing or seeing the word "shameless" applied to any part of Bacon's conduct, yet the word *will* leap to one's lips in front of one passage of his life. When the death of Elizabeth put him in a flutter of expectation, and he was busy speeding self-recommendatory letters to every person possessing influence with the new king that he could claim any degree of acquaintance with, he sent one to Southampton, the man who had been tried and condemned with Essex, on the day when Bacon stood among the accusers of his former benefactor. In this he assures Southampton, "It is as true as a thing that God knoweth that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your lordship than this, that I may safely be now that which I was truly before."† Surely the force of philosophical effrontery could hardly farther go than this.

At last, after twenty-seven years of crushing and pushing and elbowing among the "press" of place-hunters, Bacon got his feet planted on the lowest round of his Jacob's ladder; having, in 1606, wrung from the king a promise of the solicitorship on the next vacancy, he became solicitor-general in 1607. Six years later he was made attorney-general, ten years later lord keeper, and eleven years later lord chancellor. Thus the ladder was ascended, and heaven gained! But neither in scaling nor in attainment did Bacon's craving allow him any respite. Omitting the smaller instances, I shall just look at two prominent ones. In 1612 his cousin Salisbury, high treasurer and secretary of state, died. Bacon thought he would himself make an admirable secretary, and drew up, perhaps sent to the king, an application for the place. And this brings us face to face with a very unpleasant feature in Bacon's character, his habit of flattering men in their lifetime and

depreciating them after their death. Five years before he had told Salisbury: "I do esteem whatsoever I have or may have in this world but as trash, in comparison of having the honor and happiness to be a near and well-accepted kinsman to so rare and worthy a counsellor, governor, and patriot."* What is his language now? "Now that he is gone, in whose lifetime the virtues might reckon on destruction with the utmost certainty."† The inducements, too, which he suggests to James are curious: "I will be as ready as a chessman to be wherever your Majesty's royal hand will set me."‡ James, however, chose to be his own secretary for a time. The second application is perhaps the strangest of all Bacon's proceedings in this way. Lord Chancellor Egerton having fallen ill in February 1616, Bacon jumps at the conclusion that he is going to die, and straightway pens a letter to the king worthy of careful study as a specimen both of Bacon's literary style and character. He begins by making God the king's gardener. "Your worthy chancellor, I fear, goes his last day. God hath hitherto used to weed out such servants as grew not fit for your Majesty. But now he has gathered to himself a true sage, or *salvia*, out of your garden." "But," he goes on to say, "your Majesty's service must not be mortal." To save it from such a fate he is of opinion that his Majesty should appoint *him* to the dying man's place, and points out to his Majesty that his appointment would give his Majesty the disposal of offices worth 7,600*l.* (about 40,000*l.*) per annum; a chancellor that would be ever on the look-out to prevent his Majesty being distracted with business; that was in the good graces of the Lower House, had some interest with the gentlemen of England, and would strengthen the inventive part of the council, "who now commonly do exercise rather their judgments than their inventions." This was the blowing of his own trumpet, a process for which Bacon never wanted breath; he made as little scruple to dwell on the defects of possible rivals. The Lord Coke, his old enemy the Huddler, "was of an over-ruling nature," and would ill fit "an over-ruling place," would be more useful in a financial office, and was a popular man; "and popular men are no sure mounters for your Majesty's saddle."§ Two days after writing this letter he went to see Egerton. A

* Spedding, iii. 296.

† Ibid. iii. 75.

* Spedding, iv. 12.

† Quo vivente virtutibus certissimum exitum.

‡ Spedding, iv. 282.

§ Ibid. v. 241-4.

postscript of a note to Villiers tells us the substance of the interview: "My lord chancellor is prettily amended. I was with him yesterday almost half an hour. He used me with wonderful tokens of kindness. We both wept, which I do not often." * The chancellor rallied; however, and Bacon had to keep the curb on his impatience for another year.

All through these experiences his eye often wandered to right and to left in search of an occasional windfall. At one time he offers to farm the alienations for the king at a handsome rent; at another he thinks the king ought to give him 2,000*l.* out of certain fines; at another he begged the privilege of "making a baron," that is, selling a peerage — a usual and very lucrative practice in James's reign — and pocketing the price. But it was after his fall, when suddenly flung out of the Olympus to gain which he had toiled so painfully and borne so much, that he made the most piteous appeals to Buckingham and the king. He begs for an additional pension, for the provostship of Eton, for payments anticipatory of a handsome pension already granted him, for an immediate remission of his whole sentence and restoration to the House of Lords. He even stooped to pray that an arrear of about 2,000*l.*, which had been discovered to be due to the crown by his half-brother, Sir Nicolas Bacon, should be given him. "It is a suit," he writes to Buckingham, "whereunto I may as it were claim kindred." † Towards the end of his life Bacon figures in history as a kind of St. Simeon Stylites, "battering the gates of heaven" — *his* heaven — "with storms of prayer."

So far for the way he took to win power in the State. But how did he use the power when won? The best that can fairly be said for him is, I think, that he used it in the main not altogether unsatisfactorily. But it should not be forgotten that the side of Bacon's public life, which can be contemplated with the nearest approach to unqualified admiration, was not connected with the direct exercise of political power. If I were asked what I believed to be Bacon's most conscious feeling regarding himself, I should answer, intellectual self-confidence. Pride of intellect, some would perhaps prefer to call it, and perhaps they would be right. From first to last Bacon leaned with implicit faith on his own intelligence; whatever else might play him

false, that, he seemed to think, never could. The first article of his creed was the practical infallibility of his own judgment. When still young he told his uncle that he had "taken all knowledge for his province;" and when over forty he discerned in his nature a kind of relationship and familiarity with truth, as being "gifted with desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to consider, carefulness to dispose and set in order." It is significant of this element in Bacon's character that on the only two occasions when he took an independent course that displeased the sovereign, he was never for a moment tempted, after he found out his mistake, into an acknowledgment that he had been wrong. He was ready to do anything to atone for his conduct; in the second instance, being chancellor, he promptly wheeled round and undid everything he had done before in the matter; but neither in the first nor in the second did he utter a single word capable of being construed into a confession of error. The theory of the unconsciousness of genius in its highest developments assuredly receives no support from Bacon's case.

Now, either from natural impulse or from motives of self-advancement, Bacon scrutinized very keenly and pondered very carefully the politics, domestic and international, the burning religious questions, the tendencies, movements, and other easily conceived manifestations of the then dominant time-spirit. Thus endowed with a piercing and discriminating intellect, and having of his own free will turned that intellect on the subjects that then engaged the attention of the rulers of men, he considered himself justified in giving advice, generally unasked, to those that needed it most, the great personages that were in the thick of the fight, and might therefore, Bacon may have thought, be the better of seeing things as the clearest pair of eyes in Christendom saw them. Accordingly Bacon from his youth up seems to have constituted himself a sort of counsel-general — unattached, but very willing to be attached — to the great and powerful. He drew up weighty papers of considerations for the queen, for Walsingham, for Cecil, for Essex, for King James, for any one in fact that was in a position to profit by the advice and bring profit to the adviser. His first occasional paper, written in his twenty-fifth year, is a letter of advice to the queen, in which he respectfully interprets to her the leading questions of the hour, and prescribes the attitude she ought

* Spedding, v. 245.

† Ibid. vii. 451.

to take towards them. Many people would look on this as presumption and monstrous self-conceit. A youth of twenty-five thrusting his views and counsel on the veteran ruler who had taken her seat in the centre of public affairs before her self-appointed adviser was born, and had watched them Argus-eyed ever since, cannot certainly be quoted as an example of all that is most graceful in youth. Yet it is worth noting how much of this volunteered advice is in harmony with the soberest judgment of the present day, and how little of the passion or prejudice of the moment is visible in it. Indeed most of these extra-official observations are rich in thought of almost priceless value; a spirit of calm contemplation, as of one that dwelt in a serener atmosphere, far above the "dust of systems and of creeds," pervades them; and to us who live on the safe side of the historic convulsions to the movements tending to which these papers belong, they seem weighty with solid practical sense as well. To give a single example: the "Considerations touching the Queen's Service in Ireland," which he sent to his cousin Robert Cecil, in 1602, to help him to see his way through the intricacies of the Irish problem then calling as loudly to English statesmen for solution as ever it has called in our own times, reveal him as not only perfect master of the subject, but as urging a policy that in most of its features every one not a fanatic now believes would have been the wisest. Let us take this extract as a sample. "Therefore a toleration of religion (for a time not definite), except it be in some principal towns and precincts, after the manner of some French edicts, seemeth to me to be a matter warrantable by religion, and in policy of absolute necessity."* Yet the one recommendation of Bacon's regarding Ireland that he lived to see carried out, the plantation of Ulster, has been emphatically condemned by the intolerant dogmatism of later years that plumes itself on being judicial history; but fact, I take it, has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of Bacon in this particular in the eyes of those who have not surrendered their natural eyesight to a theory.

But I would limit this almost unqualified commendation of Bacon's expositions of state policy to his comparatively unofficial days. When attorney-general or chancellor, he seems to have now and then allowed unworthy considerations to dim somewhat his clearness of vision, to have

been a little disposed to find a solution of the question before him that would be agreeable to the king rather than one that would be just and politic. The same familiar ground furnishes us with an illustration of this. During his attorney-generalship he advised the king to prohibit absolutely the exportation of wools from Ireland, thus doing his worst to strangle in the cradle, from purely selfish purposes, a natural and growing branch of Irish industry, the suppression of which in later times did perhaps more to injure Ireland and to evoke the Nemesis under whose lash England still winces, than any other single cause. It is suggestive also to compare the tolerant course towards the Catholics that Bacon pleaded for when unemployed, with his actual treatment of the Catholics when he was attorney-general. Writing to the king in 1615, he says: "I have heard more ways than one of an offer of 20,000*l.* per annum for farming the penalties of recusants. . . . Wherein I will presume to say that my poor endeavors, since I was by your great and sole grace your attorney, have been no small spurs to make them feel your laws and seek this redemption."* But these are among the exceptional cases that prove the rule, and the rule is that Bacon's "Considerations," whether upon a war with Spain or upon Sutton's estate, upon the pacification of the Church or upon jury reform, are wise with a wisdom far beyond the wisest working wisdom of his century, having but one obvious drawback — that they were too far in advance of the times they were intended to benefit to be of much use to them. This passion for giving advice continued with Bacon to the last. Two years after his fall he writes to Buckingham: "But when I look abroad and see the times so stirring, and so much dissimulation, falsehood, baseness, and envy in the world, and so many idle clocks going in men's heads; then it grieveth me much that I am not sometimes at your lordship's elbow, that I might give you some of the fruits of the careful advice, modest liberty, and true information of a friend that loveth your lordship as I do."†

Clear-sighted, however, as Bacon was, he was as blind as the most horn-eyed among his contemporaries to the real significance of the signs of the times. Fourteen years after his death, the deepest and broadest political upheaval that has ever convulsed English life put itself in motion,

* Spedding, iii. 49.

* Spedding, v. 102.
† Ibid. vii. 423.

and in two years more became a war that shook the firmest-based political and religious fabric in Europe to its foundations. The forces that gave birth to that upheaval were gathering, indeed must have been actively at work, in Bacon's time. Their outward manifestations were familiar, and a subject of grave reflection to Bacon. Yet his writings betray little sensibility to the "whitherward" of English politics and religion in his day as they do to the other great spiritual phenomenon that makes his age so absorbingly interesting, the Shakespearian drama. The fact is really worth more than a passing thought. Here was the most penetrating and vigilant intelligence that has ever employed itself on contemporary politics, and an imagination of rare breadth and power, entirely ignorant of the leading tendency of the politics they studied, and utterly indifferent to the noblest works of imagination that were getting produced and published within a mile's distance. The party that in its manhood scattered princes and their armies at Naseby and Worcester, and gave to England its last ruler of the old colossal type, was called by Bacon in its infancy "a small number of very silly and base people, now by the good remedies that have been used suppressed and worn out." And the picture of a contented people, a church luminous "as an heaven of stars," a learned and just bench of judges, a careful, loyal, and free-spoken council, an efficient magistracy, and the rest, that Bacon painted for the king as a New Year's gift for 1619,* would be ludicrous if it were not so sad when looked at in the lurid light that a tragic event of almost exactly thirty years later throws upon it. Bacon could gaze fixedly on the face of the sky and of the earth, but could not discern the cloud that had already risen out of the west. The words of Mr. Ruskin, slightly altered, will convey the lesson to us. "Above all things let us see that we be modest in our thoughts, for of this one thing we may be absolutely sure, that all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness."†

The story of Bacon's public acts will, I think, kindle in the unbiassed mind a very different feeling from that kindled by a study of his speculations. To me, at least, many of them are of a very questionable

character, though the best informed of Bacon's biographers can see nothing in the worst of them that is not excusable. Bacon's public career has one very suspicious feature — its history is studded with facts that require elaborate explanations and apologies before any ingenuous mind can be reconciled to them. For Bacon's letters are not like Cromwell's, do not bear the stamp of a disinterested spirit on their very face; unlimited comment and explanation are necessary. One can easily fancy an essentially upright man doing now and then a thing whose blameless character is not obvious at first sight; but an essentially upright man doing so many things that require such an expenditure of explanation to show that they were all right as Bacon did, is not so easily fancied. And Bacon's justification necessitates the reversal of all that was seemingly solid in our long-established conceptions of English history in James's reign, and a reconstruction of that history on an entirely new basis. For with James's whole course of policy, and with many of the proceedings of his reign that later history has pronounced wrong, unjustifiable, ill-judged and wicked, Bacon was closely connected; the reputation of the reign must stand or fall with his reputation; it is impossible to defend or excuse him without defending or excusing the master he served under and the men he acted with. From this task of revolutionizing our thoughts regarding the character of the British Solomon and of his reign, Mr. Spedding has not shrunk; his sympathetic readers will carry away from the perusal of his pages notions the very opposite of those found in Lord Macaulay's pages, and even radically different from those given by that most scrupulous and veracious writer, Mr. Gardiner. This is the price, then, we must pay for getting Francis Bacon reclaimed to the paths of integrity: we must unlearn all that we have hitherto learned of a big section of English activity, and learn its history all over again, taking special care to change all our sinners into saints and all our saints into sinners. I am not sure whether we shall not also have to overhaul, in some measure, our old ideas of right and wrong — at any rate have to make those we strive to judge by somewhat elastic.

Perhaps the chapter of Bacon's life that looks ugliest to the casual observer, as yet a stranger to the power of explanations, is the chapter that unfolds his dealings with the young Earl of Essex. Yet Bacon's admirers find no difficulty whatever in it.

* Spedding, vi. 452.

† The essay "Of Empire" supplies another striking illustration of the dimness of even Bacon's spiritual vision. In 1625 he says of the "Second Nobles" or "Gentlemen" that kings need not apprehend "much danger from them, being a body dispersed: they may sometimes discourse high, but that doth little hurt." If he had only lived till 1645!

They admit that Essex worked zealously to advance Bacon's interests, became his champion against every possible rival, labored with a generous enthusiasm to win office and distinction for him, and when all his efforts failed to overcome the reluctance of the queen, gave Bacon an estate, which he afterwards sold for what would be nearly 9,000*l.* now. They assert, however, that Bacon paid for these benefits by services rendered to Essex of at least equal value — letters of advice, and such like, accepting as literal truth Bacon's own statement, "I did not only labor carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter of advice or otherwise, but neglecting the queen's service, mine own fortune, and in a sort my vocation, I did nothing but devise and ruminate with myself to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his lordship's honor, fortune, or service."* The obligations being thus about equal, there was no reason, they think, why Bacon should not bring into play all his powers of persuasion to insure his former friend's conviction for treason, when he was manifestly guilty of treason. Bacon, they also say, had a stronger feeling within him than friendship — a devouring zeal for the public service. Again to use his own words: "Whatsoever I did concerning that action and proceeding (the trial of Essex) was done in my duty and service to the queen and the State; in which I would not show myself false-hearted nor faint-hearted for any man's sake living." Bacon, it is clear, was more an antique Roman than a vulgar Englishman: he would cheerfully have settled the rope round the neck of his own brother to save from the slightest harm a queen or State — that had offices to bestow!

As to the first of these pleas, it can owe its validity only to the principle that all friendship is but a debit and credit account, and that, when the two sides exactly balance each other, the so-called friends are quits, their relations return to their original state, and each is at liberty to act as if he had never received from or done a kindness to the other. Bacon's apology, after his friend's death, is therefore a kind of lawyer's bill; *Dr.* so much advice and looking after somewhat complicated affairs,† *Cr.* so much zeal on various occasions and a small estate. The columns are totted up, the amounts are exactly

equal; no one who knows how to do a sum in simple addition can reasonably blame Bacon for giving his professional services to the crown against Essex. Yet few, I am sure, can see without a pang the largest-brained philosopher of the modern world rising in court and coldly shutting the door of hope against the generous, unselfish, eager-hearted friend of former days who stood at bay before him gallantly fighting for his life. "I have never yet seen in any case," he said, "such favor shown to any prisoner; so many digressions, such delivering of evidence by fractions, and so silly a defence of such great and notorious treasons,"* and so on, giving a keener edge to the axe by every sentence. "To this," an eye-witness reports, "the earl answered little; and we can well believe him."

What Essex's case is in Bacon's extra-official public career Peacham's is in his official. Peacham was a Somersetshire clergyman among whose papers was found a manuscript sermon that had never been preached, in which the king's policy was assailed with virulence, and a sweeping vengeance was predicted for the king and his ministers. James took fright; the spectre of a wide-spread nefarious Puritan conspiracy rose before his mind; Peacham was seized, charged with treason, and measures were taken to make him disclose the names of his supposed accomplices. Peacham had no accomplices to disclose. Thereupon it was resolved in council to put him to the torture, and a warrant was issued to Winwood the secretary, Bacon the attorney-general and six others, to see the poor wretch tortured. The warrant was duly executed — in the words of the report that Bacon himself signed, "Peacham was examined before torture, in torture, between tortures, and after torture." The case of the luckless would-be pulpit libeller need not be pursued in detail further. Though a mighty fuss was made about it, the very record of which covers nearly forty pages of Spedding,† it is enough to say here that Peacham was tried for treason at Taunton, found guilty and left for death, the gaol fever, however, not the gallows, killing him a few months afterwards. It is surely startling to find Bacon assisting in person at the torture of a fellow-creature only thirteen years before torture was unanimously declared by the judges to be contrary to law; yet his admirers preserve

* Spedding, *iii.* 143.

† "Anxiety of Mind," "Mythical Lawyer's Bill."

* Spedding, *ii.* 229.

† *v.* 90-128.

their equanimity. "All we know," pleads Mr. Spedding, "is that he did not refuse to be present at an examination under torture." Even if this were so, it could not much avail Bacon; but I submit that we know more. We know that he busied himself greatly about Peacham's case, taking the management of the process of screwing a pre-judicial expression of opinion out of the judges concerning it. We know that he wrote lightly, not to say unfeelingly, to the king regarding it: "It grieveth me exceedingly that your Majesty should be so much troubled with this matter of Peacham, whose raging devil seemeth to be turned into a dumb devil." Bacon was always very sensitive to the sorrows of kings and great placemen. We know that five years later, on being called upon to deal with "one Peacock charged with an attempt to infatuate the king's judgment by sorcery," and finding Peacock too possessed by a dumb devil, this chancellor of nature's laws *recommended* torture. His own words are: "I make no judgment yet, but will go on with all diligence; and if it may not be done otherwise, it is fit Peacock be put to the torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did."* But, another admirer urges, Bacon was doing no more than his duty in seeing Peacham tortured; he was first law officer of the crown, and as such was bound to carry out his instructions. "Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation! Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation!"

Bacon's conduct as lord keeper and lord chancellor I have left myself little room to discuss. I am not aware that fault has been found with his general discharge of the duties of his office, and posterity seems to have acquiesced in his own judgment of himself: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years." The two broad blemishes — to use the very mildest term possible regarding them — on his judicial career are, that he too often listened to Buckingham's one-sided applications on behalf of suitors in his court, and that he had what Shakespeare calls "an itching palm" — a few hundred pounds slipped into his hand by a litigant seldom found its way back to its original owner. Here is a sample of Buckingham's letters: "Lest my often writing may make your lordship conceive that this letter has been drawn from me by importunity, I have thought fit, for preventing of any such conceit, to let your lordship know that Sir

John Wentworth, whose business I now recommend, is a gentleman whom I esteem in more than an ordinary degree. And therefore I desire your lordship to show him what favor you can for my sake in his suit, which his Majesty hath referred to your lordship: which I will acknowledge as a courtesy unto me."* With regard to the second blemish, Bacon himself, when impeached, pleaded guilty to twenty-seven circumstantially stated instances of taking gifts from suitors. But it is alleged that his guilt in these two particulars, crimson as its dye looks to the carelessly glancing spectator, fades into a comparatively neutral tint before a searching examination. Neither of his aberrations marred the character of his decisions; he read Buckingham's letter or took the suitor's money or cabinet, and then decided according to the merits of the case and the law that ruled it; no charge of having perverted justice was ever made against him; the Commons themselves, while arraigning him as a corrupt judge, never questioned even the soundness of a single decision. Moreover, most of the gratuities — that is the happy euphemism — "were received after the cause had been ended, and without relation to any precedent promise;" and the accepting such gratuities, Bacon, to use his own words, "conceived to be no fault." And to crown all, the chancellor's oath contained no clause against corruption; and corruption in a chancellor was not forbidden by either the written or unwritten law of England. These are the leading features of the case for the defence.

Many topics of great interest connected with the subject still remain; but I must be satisfied with a mere indication of one or two of them. Bacon's love of management, which he himself describes as "a middle thing between art and chance," strikes one very often in watching his ways. He took a pleasure in laying little traps, generally harmless; in arranging for a longish pedigree of events, in which the last was the thing sought; in aiming with a great show of earnestness at one object, while all the time he was intent at knocking over another. It was an innocent game of guile, appropriate in the servant of the great master of transparent kingcraft that then ruled England. Then, his extravagant flattery of the great, especially of King James, must surely be offensive to every mind not yet fortified against

* Spedding, vii. 77.

* Spedding, vii. 6.

healthy human feeling by reasonings and explanations. And his taste for expense and love of splendor, by keeping him constantly in debt, accounts for much of what is condemnable or questionable in his career.

To conclude. The general impression of Bacon's character that a careful and certainly not unfavorably prepossessed reading of his letters and occasional papers has left on my mind is something like this. He was not a man to whom superlatives or strong language of any color can fairly be applied. He was not the "meanest of mankind." "Base" and "despicable," "generous" and "noble," are words that the historian of Bacon's life will never have occasion to draw from his vocabulary. Most assuredly his place is not with the morally great, the strong-hearted, much-enduring, self-sacrificing, heroic spirits, the Keplers and Newtons, the Miltons and Johnsons. Bacon's place is not with these; it is with the Lakes, the Cranfields, the Yelvertons, the Nevilles of his day; ranked with such men he is a respectable figure enough. It is when you withdraw him from the crew of contemporary politicians and courtiers, and set him among the great and noble of all time, that his figure shrinks and his features become commonplace. There is no trace of the heroic about his moral character; there is nothing in the man that appeals to the universal heart, nothing to stir enthusiasm, nothing to win admiration. His literary partisans struggle desperately for his good name; but the utmost that their efforts, if successful, could gain from us is, that we should refrain from condemning. His nature wanted elevation, a finer tone, a richer flavor; his motives were the motives of the crowd of self-seekers around him. We might even go farther and say that Bacon lacked common manliness. When misfortune came, he lost all sense of dignity, buried himself in his bedclothes, moaned forth his confessions of guilt, and begged piteously for mercy. "My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I do beseech you, my lords, be merciful to a broken reed." Compare the demeanor of certain other historic Englishmen in the presence of circumstances immeasurably more trying: the cheery humor of More, the calm self-possession of Raleigh, the stately self-respect of Strafford, the high-toned courage of Vane, remain forever part of England's wealth and the world's; their

story gives a warmer tint to life. But Bacon prostrate and crying for mercy — this is a sight that no one can care to look at; the emotion it awakens is neither sympathy nor pity. The truth would seem to be that Bacon hardly ever touches humanity on the moral and emotional side. He seems to have been incapable of deep feeling, seems hardly ever to have known what love or hate was; there are few traces of tenderness in his letters and papers, there are as few traces of malice. His was an almost passionless nature; there was little moral spontaneity of any kind. He had to jot down among his memoranda "to bear in mind the attorney's weaknesses," and to run up a column of that official's disadvantages for his future use. Mr. Spedding construes these and similar memoranda of Bacon's into a proof of his goodness of nature; an evil nature would have remembered all these against a man whose place it sought to fill without tables. This explanation makes Bacon a man who deliberately does violence to his own nature, commits treason against his own soul, for selfish ends. The fact seems rather to be that Bacon had no strong natural impulses either to good or to evil; and had his intellect told him that it would be for his interest to do a good action of a particular kind, he would have had to jot down a memorandum of it also. For in Bacon's opinion intellect held the highest place. "A man is but what he knoweth," he wrote in his thirty-fourth year; and then continues: "Are not the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses? and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections?" Yet — this knowledge —

What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery hot to burst
All barriers in the onward race
For power. Let her know her place —
She is the second, not the first.

"Born for the universe" — the phrase is almost his own — Bacon narrowed, not his mind — *that* was incompressible — but his soul, and gave up to his worse self, to his craving after power, distinction, grandeur, everything that the philosophical mind professes to despise most, those peerless gifts which might have made his name an ennobling influence to all time.

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From The Contemporary Review.
SELLING THE SOUL.

"This word 'Damnation' terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elysium.
A sound Magician is a demigod!"

MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

"CYPRIAN. Oh, could I possess that woman,
To my aid from Hell I'd summon
A potent Devil, — and my soul
Give by bond to his control;
Suffering, wheresoe'er he swept it,
Endless tortures!"

DEMON (from below). I accept it."
CALDERON'S *Magico Prodigioso*.

"And had not his own wilfulness
His soul unto the Devil bound,
He must, with certainty no less,
His self-damnation soon have found."
GOETHE'S *Faust*.

WITHOUT seeking to fix the exact date when the greatest of Spanish poets wrote his lyrical tragedy of "*El Magico Prodigioso*," it is certain that one of the greatest of our English dramatists had previously written "*The Tragical Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*." It appears to have been first published in 1604 (black-letter quarto), and Calderon de la Barca was not born till 1601. The subject or ruling principle of each of these extraordinary dramas is *essentially* the same, and is in some respects identical with the "*Faust*" of the greatest poet of Germany. There are no signs whatever that Calderon knew anything of Marlowe's tragedy, either in the original or through translation. That Goethe was conversant with both the above dramas is more than probable, although there is only a general resemblance in some of his earlier scenes. Howbeit, in our own period the richly-adorned poem of Goethe has (very unjustly, in our opinion) concentrated and absorbed the exclusive attention of the literary public in his version of the profoundly interesting legend of Dr. Faustus. The learned and admirable essay by Dr. Hueffer is scarcely an exception.

The theological and philosophical arguments in the German drama differ from those of the Spanish poet, chiefly in their greater breadth and their variety of illustration; as also from those of the English Faustus, who contents himself, for the most part, with certain scholastic problems in cosmogony and astronomy, and a declaration of his determination to become a great magician. To obtain this power he is ready to barter his soul. He says: —

Why should he not? — *is not his soul his own?*

A Good Angel and a Bad Angel appear to him, and advance their several arguments. The latter prevails with him, and then the magnificent Kit Marlowe puts these words into the mouth of Faustus: —

Had I as many souls as there are stars,
I'd give them all!

The Bad Angel exhorts him to "despair in God, and trust to Belzebub." Still, he is not without serious misgivings; and, when he is about to sign the deed of gift with his blood, the influence of the Good Angel prevails, and the blood suddenly stops flowing.

My blood congeals — and I can write no more!
He had previously asked himself, —

Why waverest thou?
Oh, something soundeth in mine ear, —
Abjure that magic — turn to God again!

Suddenly he sees the words "*Homo, fuge!*" written upon his arm. It vanishes. He does not fly. It returns! Yet he will not fly. He has duly read the Latin incantation; and in the end, after stipulating for four-and-twenty years of magical power and human enjoyments of every kind, he signs a deed of gift in a regular legal form, which gives it a ghastly air of diabolical reality.

In the "*Magico Prodigioso*," the sale of "the immortal soul" is effected by a similar bond, which Cyprian signs with his blood; but the preliminaries are very different from the above, and the main incentive and object is different. The Mephistopheles is also a far more learned, philosophical, and courtly person. On his first appearance, as Shelley translated it (in "*The Liberal*"), we read, "*Enter the Devil as a fine Gentleman*."* The surrender of Cyprian's soul to the demon, though preceded by intense intellectual struggles, dissatisfactions with the results of philosophical studies, theological arguments, and a yearning after forbidden knowledge, is nevertheless finally determined upon for the sake of obtaining personal possession of a certain beautiful and virtuous lady. This lady (Justina) exercises an influence upon the hero (Cyprian) throughout the drama, far surpassing that of Helen in Marlowe's tragedy, and quite equal to the influence Margaret exercises over Faust. But it is of a very different kind in some respects, for Justina, besides being a boldly reasoning theologian, placing her life in peril as a heretic, is pursued

* Mr. Rossetti's alteration of devil to *demon* loses the familiar wit and humorous irony. In Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Shelley, we also have, — "*The demon, dressed in a court-dress, enters*." It is no doubt a more direct translation of "*Sale et Demonio vestido de gala*;" and the rendering by Mr. D. F. MacCarthy, of "*Enter the Demon in gala dress*," is yet more rigidly literal; still one regrets that Mrs. Shelley's transcription from the first publication was not adopted.

in the first instance by two lovers before Cyprian sees her. Other situations are also in the highest style of the Spanish comedy of intrigue. These two lovers are prevented from fighting a mortal duel by the mediatorial reasonings of Cyprian, who takes so much interest in what is said of the lady that he is quite prepared to fall in love with her himself. This happens shortly after. Justina's character being regarded as of immaculate purity by these three adorers, the demon adopts a peculiarly Spanish *treta fraudulenta* in order to damage, if not destroy, her reputation. He secretes himself in the balcony of her bed-chamber, and when the two former lovers are advancing from opposite sides under cover of the night, down slips the demon by a rope, and suddenly diving into the earth, the two lovers come close upon each other, each one believing the other had just descended by the rope! A second duel is also prevented by the entrance of Cyprian. His love is of course much troubled by what they tell him. In some sort he is glad of it, as they agree to give her up as an unworthy object, and this relieves him of their rivalry; but partly he disbelieves the scandalous statement, and in any case his passion is too engrossing to be turned aside. He throws off his student's dress, and orders a rich court suit, with sword and feathers; away with books and studies, for "love is the homicide of genius." He calls to his servants Moscon and Clarin:—

Moscon, prevenme mañana
Galas; Clarin, tráeme luego,
Espada y plumas; que amor
Se regala en el objeto,
Airoso y lucido. Y ya
Ni libros ni estudios quiero;
Porque digan, que es amor
Homicida del ingenio.

Jornada 1.

From this point in the drama Cyprian pursues Justina with devoted passion. She does not encourage his hopes, and the demon, by reason of her purity and holiness of spirit, has no real power over her. Nevertheless, he promises her to Cyprian. And the "juggling fiend" brings the meeting about in the following fashion. In a lonely wood a phantom figure of Justina appears, which Cyprian embraces, and presently carries off in his arms, — when the following scene occurs:—

Cypr. Ya, bellísima Justina,
En este sitio que oculto,
Ni el sol le penetra á rayos, etc.

Jornada 3.

Cypr. Now, O beautiful Justina,
In this sweet and secret covert,
Where no beam of sun can enter,
Nor the breeze of heaven blow roughly;
Now the trophy of thy beauty
Makes my magic toils triumphant,
For here, folding thee, no longer
Have I need to fear disturbance.
Fair Justina, *thou hast cost me*
Even my soul! But in my judgment,
Since the gain has been so glorious,
Not so dear has been the purchase.
Oh! unveil thyself, fair goddess,
Not in clouds obscure and murky,
Not in vapors hide the sun, —
Show its golden rays refulgent!

[*He draws aside the cloak, and discovers a skeleton.**]

In the brief space at our disposal in the present paper it must be obvious that no attempt can be made to give more than a syncretical view of this wonderful poem; sufficient, however, has been presented to show that it takes rank, together with Marlowe's tragedy, as the earliest of the high-class poetical, magical, amatory, philosophical, and theological treatment to which the remarkable old legend of Doctor Faustus is so manifestly open. And this would be the more palpable with respect to "*El Magico Prodigioso*" if we could give some of the argumentative discussions between Cyprian and the Demon; but for these, as well as the love-scenes, the reader must be referred to the original, or to the translations of Shelley as the most beautifully poetical, and to those of Mr. D. F. MacCarthy as the most complete and literal.

Highly, and justly, has Milton been eulogized for his portrait of Satan, thus redeeming the "Prince of Darkness" from the old grotesque monster with horns and tail, as described and "illuminated" in monastic missals and legends. But in the intellectual sorrow and retrospective pangs of the "archangel ruined," Milton was preceded in some degree by Marlowe, and in a direct and sustained manner, both in sorrow and intellectual grandeur, by Calderon.

Tan galan fui por mis partes,
Por mi lustre tan heróica,
Tan noble por mi linage,
Y por mi ingenio tan docto, etc.
El Magico Prodigioso. — Jornada 2.

Here is Shelley's noble translation:—

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee; for in myself I am

* Calderon's Dramas, translated in the metre of the original by D. F. MacCarthy.

A world of happiness and misery ;
This I have lost, and *that* I must lament
 Forever. In my attributes I stood
 So high and so heroically great,
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
 Which penetrated with a glance the world
 Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
 A king — whom I may call the King of Kings,
 Because all others tremble in their pride
 Before the terrors of his countenance,
 In his high palace roof'd with brightest gems
 Of living light — call them the stars of
 heaven —

Named me his counsellor. But the high
 praise

Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
 In mighty competition, to ascend
 His seat and place my foot triumphantly
 Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
 The depth to which ambition falls ; too mad
 Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
 Repentance of the irrevocable deed : —
 Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
 Of not to be subdued, before the shame
 Of reconciling me with him who reigns,
 By coward cession.

So powerful in its features and individuality is the portrait of Satan drawn and painted by Milton, that one cannot suppose he was at all indebted to "*El Magico Prodigioso*" for the hero of "Paradise Lost ;" but the coincidence is surely very remarkable, and remarkable also as never having been noticed before, so far as I am aware ; but I say this under correction. The Demon proceeds in a strain equally Miltonic : —

Nor was I alone,
 Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone ;
 And there was hope, and there may still be
 hope,

For many suffrages among his vassals
 Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
 Are mine, and many more, perchance, shall be.
 Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
 I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
 Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my
 words

With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
 Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
 And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
 Rapine, and death, and outrage.

We must admit that Shelley's translation, being in his stately and harmonious blank verse, makes the resemblance to Milton far greater than the *asonante* lyrics of the original (or those of the literal translation of Mr. MacCarthy — for neither of them *sound* at all like Milton) ; the sense and purport, however, is not affected by the difference in the genius and style of the two languages.

Without searching ancient classic times, or times yet more remote, for philosophers

and other celebrated men who had a "familiar demon" in frequent attendance, we may regard it as pretty certain that the sale of the human soul to the Devil in order to obtain forbidden knowledge, together with magic powers enabling the possessor to work wonders, and also to obtain unlimited enjoyments of life during a specified number of years, originated in German country towns, and probably in the form of itinerant plays and puppet-shows, as early as 1404. Some of these, or of similar kind, were subsequently printed. There was the "*Wahrhaftigen Historien von denen gräulichen Sünden Dr. Johann Faustens*," Hamburg, 1599. There was "Doctor Faustus, von J. Widman," printed in Berlin 1587, and another in the same year by Spiess. Plays on this subject, if not printed, were acted in travelling shows in Poland and in France ; and it was probably not long after this period that Marlowe wrote his tragedy, and had it produced on the stage, though it seems not to have been printed till some years later.

This subject was produced in various forms during the next twenty years ; but it is remarkable how closely they all held to the main principle of the early legend. A curious old theatrical-pamphlet is now before me, entitled "The Necromancer, or Harlequin Doctor Faustus, as performed at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Printed and sold at the bookseller's shop at the corner of Searle Street, and by A. Dodd at the Peacock, without Temple Bar. 1723." It is preceded by "The Vocal Parts of the Entertainment." The reader of the present day, having before his mind the vulgar comic stuff that is "said and sung" at three-fourths or more of the London theatres, and at nine-tenths of our provincial theatres, and of the theatres in all English-speaking countries — for which London managers are directly answerable — will naturally anticipate that these "vocal parts," introductory to the necromantic entertainment of "Harlequin Doctor Faustus," can be nothing else than a *burlesque*, and one of the most unmitigated kind. It is no such thing. The title, no doubt, is not a little misleading ; but the treatment of the old legend is worthy of all respect, as the opening scene will testify : —

SCENE — *A Study.* The DOCTOR discovered reading at a Table. A Good and Bad SPIRIT appear.

Good Spirit.

O Faustus ! thy good Genius warns ;

Break off in time; pursue no more
An Art that will thy Soul ensnare!

Bad Spirit.

*Faustus, go on! — That fear is vain:
Let thy great heart aspire to trace
Dark nature to her secret springs,
Till knowledge make thee deem'd a god.*

*[Good and Bad Spirits disappear. The Doctor
uses magical motions, and an Infernal
Spirit rises.*

This infernal spirit informs the doctor that his spells have been successful, and that the "King of Night" proposes to divide his power with the magician. The infernal spirit then significantly *shows a paper*. The good spirit again appears, and warns Faustus; but in vain, and we then have the following

INCANTATION.

Arise! ye subtle forms that sport
Around the throne of sable night,
Whose pleasures in her silent court
Are *unprofaned* with *baleful* light.

As the doctor still hesitates to sign the fatal "paper," the infernal spirit "strikes the table, and it appears covered with gold, crowns, sceptres, etc." All sorts of promises are then made, and finally the apparition of the beautiful Helen of Troy is called up. The doctor's scruples being overcome by that, he is "preparing to address Helen with fondness," when the infernal spirit "interposes," and, conditionally, "offers the paper!"

The doctor — "gazing at Helen" — signs the bond, but after this, on "attempting to approach Helen," she vanishes, together with the infernal spirit, "who sinks laughing," in the most dishonorable manner. The next scene is called "The Doctor's School of Magic;" and pupils are seated on each side of the stage to receive lessons, and "see the power of his art." Not much, however, comes of this, even though the phantom of the Stygian ferryman, Charon, proposes to show them "ghosts of every occupation." We are not favored in this old theatrical curiosity with an account of the "Harlequinade," which is to follow; and as we know nothing of the scenery, the dresses, and the music, it is impossible to form any judgment or conjecture as to its effect as a stage representation. My only object was to make apparent the earnestness with which this old necromantic legend was treated by all parties. Even the prose stories had a grim air of reality about them. In an old pamphlet I picked up when a child, one of the feats of magic performed by Dr. Faustus was during a walk in the high

road near a little market-town, when, for a "pleasant wager" with some friend, he stops a wagoner, and "eats a load of hay." A moment never to be forgotten, from its startling effect upon the imagination of childhood, on reading — all in secret — the heading of one of the chapters, — "Doctor Faustus eats a load of hay!" With devouring eyes we read the account of the preposterously impossible performance, and more than half believed it.

That scenes of comedy, even of low comedy, and occasionally broad farce, have been introduced in the great majority of the numerous dramas that have been written on this subject, is well known. Even the classic Spanish of "*El Magico Prodigioso*" is made to stoop from its dignified earnestness and poetical altitude to indulge in several of the dullest attempts at fun, and the dreariest of humor, except in the malignant gymnastics of the demon in his several manoeuvres to destroy the reputation of Justina. The "jovial fellows" in Auerbach's cellar, and certain other characters in Goethe's "Faust," are also introduced with a view to variety and relief; and the same may be urged in justification of the broad, and coarse, as well as farcical scenes introduced in Marlowe's tragedy. But with regard to these latter offences, a very acceptable exoneration may be discovered. We find it in old records of his time that one "William Bride, and one Samuel Rowled received *£4 for their adycions* to Dr. Faustus, in 1602," — i.e., before its first publication in quarto, and probably before it was acted. The ears of the "groundlings" of that day required to be tickled with stuff of that sort, just as in our own day the eyes, both of the groundlings and the upperlings, require — or are constantly assumed by managers to require — a grossness of an equal though a different kind. It is fairly open to opinion that Marlowe did not write the coarse nonsense in the above drama, although he may have interpolated a passage or two. For instance, — the doctor having had a quarrel with Mephistopheles on some question of astronomy, is abruptly left by the latter, and then Faustus calls upon Christ "to save distressed Faustus' soul!" Whereupon, Lucifer and Belzebub, having been apprised by Mephistopheles of the danger of losing their prey, enter suddenly to bring him to his senses. With this view they "entertain" him with a sight of the Seven Deadly Sins, who appear in succession. One of these (viz., Envy) is certainly not unworthy of Marlowe, in his grotesque vein: —

I am Envy! begotten of a chimney-sweep and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine all over the world! that all might die, and I live alone. Then thou should'st see how fat I'd be! But (*to Lucifer*) must thou sit while I stand? Come down with a vengeance!

Among other entertaining things Faustus wishes to have a good look at Hell. He exclaims to Lucifer in passionate accents, "Oh, might I see Hell—and return again safe—how happy were I then!"

After this we have more vulgar tricks, not so much like magic for the "lower orders," as conjuring tricks for country clowns; and all this we may, without offence, set down to the account of the £4 paid to "right wittie" Master W. Bride, and the very worthy and ingenious Master Rowled, for their pleasant "adycions." It may be asked, how did Marlowe relish this? Why, just as Shakespeare relished, or disregarded, the many interpolations made in his plays. Besides, these things were continually done. In those days, they didn't care a straw about such matters. But the profound tragic pathos and power of Marlowe begins to show itself as he is approaching the closing scenes of the tragedy. His Mephistopheles has previously displayed, occasionally, both pathos and dignity; and Milton found some thoughts worthy of being placed in the mouth of his grand Satan. In one of the early scenes, the devil says, in reply to a question about the infernal regions:—

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but *where we are is Hell.*
MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

The closing movements in "*El Magico Prodigioso*" are conducted with great dignity and impassioned earnestness. Cyprian has sold his soul to the demon for various services to be rendered; but, by a puzzling kind of theological contradiction, he is doomed to die, not in fulfilment of his contract with the demon, but by public execution as one of the early Christian martyrs of Antioch. How the fiend could allow this to happen is perplexing, for surely he must have known that it would be very difficult to carry off the soul of a man who had earned the crown of martyrdom. Justina also abjures the gods of her country, and dies on the scaffold as a convert to Christianity. Having always refused herself to Cyprian in life, she very

pathetically reminds him, while they are both in the condemned cell, that she had said she could only love him in death, and that now she is ready to fulfil her promise. They both declare themselves prepared to endure any tortures, and Cyprian grandly adds that one who has given his soul for her, should make light of giving up his body to God.

Cyp. Quien el alma dió por ti,
Qué hará en dar por Dios el cuerpo?
Just. Que en la muerte te queria
Dije; y pues á morir llevo
Contigo, Cypriano, ya,
Cumpli mis ofrecimientos.

Jornada 3.

Soon after this scene a terrible storm shakes the whole city, to the dismay of the governor, and all the people who appear to crowd round him in the hall of justice. The last scene then opens, and discovers a scaffold, upon which the heads and bodies of Cyprian and Justina are seen; while in the air above them the demon is seated upon a winged serpent. He addresses the spectators, declaring the purity of Justina, and that the two martyrs have ascended to the "spheres of the sacred throne of God," who commands him, most unwillingly, to make this announcement. The demon then darts downward under the earth; but the pagan governor, standing firm for the State religion, assures the people that what they have just seen and heard are the enchantments effected as the last despairing act of the wicked Cyprian.

Gov. Todos estos son encantos,
Que aqueste mágico ha hecho
En su muerte.

In the preternatural workmanship—the *diablerie* of Goethe—the close and vivid familiarity with thaumaturgic scenes of picturesque glamor, as well as fast and frantic revels—not to speak of the apparently intimate knowledge of the secret movements of the devil's mind, prodigally displayed in his "*Faust*"—with all the dialogues, characters, scenery, songs, and choruses in the "*Walpurgisnacht*"—the great German poet may fairly be said to surpass every other; and, indeed, to put all others, except Shakespeare, far into the shade. The comical devilleries interpolated in Marlowe's "*Faustus*" are mere clownish pretences in comparison; and even the mountain-moving and other *encantaciones* in Calderon's "*Magico Prodigioso*" are poor enough beside what is seen, said, sung, and done, after the Ignis Fatuus has led Faust and Mephistopheles into the

"true witch element" of the Hartz Mountains on May-day night. This is the very perfection of realized unreality in high fantastic incantations. But what are we to make of the last scene of this tragedy, whether we take it from the first part (as is usually done) or from the second part? As to the last scene in Marlowe's tragedy, it is worthy of special note that with regard to the three heroes of these three extraordinary tragedies, in which each hero has, by a bond sealed with his blood, sold his soul to the devil—not through a juggle, but by direct intention—Marlowe's man is the only one who is really damned. The other two, by one means or other, are "saved;" but an Elizabethan dramatist was not likely to play at fast and loose, and he therefore "gives the devil his due," and allows him to take full possession of his horror-stricken bondman. This is preceded by agonizing mental struggles and writhings to avoid what he knows to be inevitable; and few things can be more touching than the amiability and unselfishness—now brought out for the first time, as by the uprooting of his inmost depths of feeling—with which Faustus reverts to his early love of study among his dear fellow-students; while he now wishes from his heart, with scalding tears, that he had "never seen Wittenberg—never read book." And then, a few hours before midnight, he begs his friends not to imperil their own lives by coming in to his assistance, whatever cries and screams they may hear, "for nothing can save him." They take a last farewell, and Faustus calls upon the "hours" to stand still. "*O lente, lente, currite Noctis equi!*" The whole of this final scene is worked up with a dreadful power of ideal realization that perhaps surpasses every other scene in the entire range of tragic composition. "See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!" He calls upon Christ, and madly endeavours to "leap up"—but something "pulls him down"! If tragic terror and the profoundest pathos of pity ever attained their utmost limits, they certainly do so in this closing scene, wherein he cries:—

O Soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean!—ne'er be found!

We have seen how the hero of "*El Magico Prodigioso*" escapes from his bondholder. Let us now see how it fares with the Faust of the great German poet. We shall have a word or two to say as to the close of the second part; but, by common literary consent, the tragedy is not

unfairly considered, as a clearly intelligible matter, to end with the first part. Margaret cries out with horror that Mephistopheles is coming to bear her away. The fiend calls to Faustus to come to his side, or he will leave him in the same predicament as Margaret, who, he says, has been "judged." But a "voice from above says she is saved!" That is, Eternal Justice recognizes the fact that, whatever may have been her wrong-doings, they were really attributable to her brain-seething, seductive lover—the theological rōné, Faust. And what becomes of him? Why, the fiend now becomes his guardian genius, having previously warned him not to stay and share the expected doom of Margaret,—and calling him to his side, vanishes with him! That the great author did not intend him to make good his damnatory bond at this time seems evident, by this close of the drama, and next by his writing a second part.

If any great author of a former date could uplift his head from the tomb, and note with astonishment what was said about him and his works at the present day, it may safely be assumed that no astonishment could surpass that of Master William Shakespeare. And this feeling would probably rise to its height on finding that Dr. Hermann Ulrici has proved that Shakespeare had, though unconsciously, a special ethical, philosophical, or theological design in each of his principal plays! * Something not unlike this might perhaps be expected in the case of Goethe, and more particularly with regard to the second part of "*Faust*." All the English critics, as well as the translators "fright shy" of it, so that really the great majority of foreign readers scarcely know of its existence. But a deep-seeing, subtly inventive and expounding genius at length came to light in the person of William Kyle. His cabalistic book is entitled "*An Exposition of the Symbolic Terms of the Second Part of 'Faust';*" which "*proves itself* to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany." † Alluding to this second part, a writer in the *Saturday Review* observed that it was "too hopelessly mystical" not to find a great number of profound admirers in Germany. One of these students and a sincere one, let us frankly and unhesitatingly admit, is Herr Kyle. To examine this remarkably German book is of course impossible in

* See an excellent translation by Dora L. Schmitz. G. Bell, 1877.

† Nuremberg: J. A. Stein. London: Trübner & Co.

this paper. We can only observe that an elucidatory diagram is given in the page preceding the introduction, something like a trapezium, or rather an imperfect square with nothing inside; and we must then proceed at one vigorous dash through all the physical *elements*, and their respective symbolic signification, etc., and come to the last act. We are here informed that "Faust has already accomplished a part of his prescribed task." "This consisted in *hemming* the bounds of the sea." This rather bold figure of rhetoric is explained to mean "rendering it more adapted for the service of the rational man; *i.e.*, the great ocean of (religious) sentiment existing in the breast of the German nation." And this task "attracted the attention of ideal genius since the year 1750." The great names of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Feuerbach, Strauss, and others are then adduced as apostles of this work, which was to culminate in Faust! He is the ideal genius of rationalism, as Mephisto is "the spirit of religious dogmatism." The era of "ideal toleration now begins, and" (without a word about real toleration) "Faust is reconciled to the imagination of the world at large." How this fine finishing up releases him from his *soul's bond* one cannot well perceive; but we are now told that "he ascends into heaven, guided by the ideal of eternal love." It is added, casually, that "royalty, aristocracy, and the Church, are no more visible. Henceforth, ideal genius is to be regarded as the sacred power of the world at large." Finally (and it is with extreme preparations and difficulty that we are allowed ever to get to any finality) Margaret pleads for her lover and seducer, who caused her evil-doing and pathetically tragic death, and "appeals to the higher power in heaven — to the ideal of Eternal love."

Mater Gloriosa.

Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphären!
Wenn er dich ahnet, folgt er nach.

Our author, Herr Kyle, does not stop even here, but we *must*; and we take leave of him with great respect for what is evidently his sincere belief in this highly poetical *omnium gatherum* and cryptological gallimaufry, called the second part of "Faust."

One closing word as to the *use* — not the mere utility, but the public or private acts and advantages — derivable from the great preternatural powers which the

three philosophical heroes of these three wonderful dramas have obtained by forbidden and perilous means. Beyond personal enjoyments and sundry magic pranks, they really seem not to have had the least idea what to do with their new faculties and endowments. Mr. Hewlett, in a recently published essay on "The Devil in English Poetry," remarks, and for the first time we believe, that the various acts of Marlowe's Faustus in necromantic travels and tricks are so comparatively trifling that the tragic scene of his terrific death seems almost like an anti-climax. This is a pregnant piece of criticism; for I consider that the same thing may very nearly be said of the other two great dramas on this subject. What use do the philosophical heroes make of their preternatural powers? The best things done — that is, the most poetical of them — are where Marlowe's Faustus exclaims, "Have I not made blind Homer sing to me?" — when he has heard the "melodious harp (of Orpheus) that built the walls of Thebes;" — and when we witness his rapturous love-scene with Helen of Troy. The rest of his thaumaturgic feats are, for the most part, coarse nonsense, whoever wrote them. In "*El Magico Prodigioso*" we hear of mountains being made to shift sides — of trees being frightened at the menacing groans Cyprian utters — that flowers faint away — that the birds hush their sweet melodies at his weighty incantations (*prodigios graves*) — that wild beasts are dazzled and confused, etc.; and after all this, Cyprian says boastively he has now made it evident that his *estudio infernal* has not been in vain! In fact, he is now able to teach his master (*que puedo dar leccion á mi maestro*). All the necromantic things Faust does, or gets done for him by Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar, in the Hartz Mountains, or elsewhere, are of no greater importance than the above, when we think of the dreadful price he has agreed to pay for them. If this view be accepted, we may say, and with profoundest respect for the "dead kings of melody," that another fable of Faustus may yet be imagined, though not very easily written. Thus: extreme personal enjoyments and egoistical triumphs can only charm for a few years; and the world around needs all sorts of improvements and peaceful glories. When thou hast obtained preternatural power, O Faustus of a nobler time! what wilt thou do with it?

R. H. HORNE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A FETISH CITY.

SOME of the irreverent have long felt a suspicion that the ancients knew more about this world of ours than is accredited to them in the "Classical Atlas." Greeks and Romans did not publish the log of every ship entering their ports, nor examine the crew of each *oneraria* returned from parts unknown. The silence of pedantic geographers, who evidently took small pains to verify the accounts handed to them, is not to be relied on. Gentlemen of that sort feel more interest in refuting a predecessor, in triumphing over his misstated facts and mangling his theories, than in widening the general knowledge. Nevertheless a man is startled at first when local antiquaries invite him to credit Greek ruins in the Transvaal. They do wisely to put forward unquestionable evidence in support of such a statement. That has been done. Friezes, capitals, and miscellaneous objects, Greek in character beyond any doubt, have been forwarded to Cape Town from the neighborhood of Bloemhof. They are important enough to show — if one may trust the judgment of those who have examined them — that a large city once stood there, and that high civilization reigned therein. As is usual when the spell of oblivion breaks, it is suddenly discovered that the fact was known long ago. The *œkist* of Cape Colony, Van Riebeck, mentioned incidentally (edition of 1657, London) that far to the north lay a great city, Momotopata, adorned with temples, porticos, and columns. No one appears to have heard of the place from that time till now. Upon this evidence the ruins below Bloemhof have been called by the name Van Riebeck gives; by the by, he adds that diamonds abound there. Without committing myself to any opinion, I wish to put forward a very curious report I received on the diamond fields from a digger, very poor and very eccentric. At that time the idea of a Greek city in south Africa would have been ridiculed without mercy. I myself paid no attention to the tale, but since a Greek city is now admitted, I cannot but remember this man's declaration.

Very poor and very eccentric he was indeed. At that time rags commanded no pity on the fields, for they often contained, in their dirtiest recesses, some little store of gems which duchesses might envy. Nor were we prone to accept a miserable way of life as evidence of poverty, since ex-

amples familiar to every one inculcated caution. But seeing this man every day — for I lived just above his claim at Bultfontein — seeing him always at work, with an animated jack-jumper of a bush-boy for sole companion, I fell into the habit of wishing him good-day and luck. He seldom answered, which fact gave, perhaps, a zest to my unwearied courtesies. But when he did throw back the dirty hair from his eyes, swollen and bloodshot — the digger's eye, inflamed with dazzle of the grit, and sunshine blazing in the snowy walls of "stuff," and poisonous dust of lime that fills the air — his reply was always "Nix, mate!" Early in our acquaintance I told him to bring me his first "find," promising a fabulous price for luck. He never brought it. His bush-boy grew more bird-like and less human daily. It was not difficult to see that these poor wretches were starving, presently. The conviction struck me one day, and I invited the man to my tent, whilst intrusting his boy to my head Kaffir, Chawles.

The urchin had a due share of those extraordinary gifts with which Providence has supplied his race for our bewilderment. He mimicked successively a lion, an elephant, a baboon, an ostrich, and other animals within his experience; fought a battle, and died; imitated me; and then, whilst my Kaffirs rolled with laughter, suddenly changed to a likeness of Chawles, — all in that nervous, restless, uncomprehending manner which makes the bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence. He neither laughed nor seemed to know what he was doing. His eyes never ceased to glint and turn. His small muscles quivered restlessly even when he imitated, with marvellous truth, the stately pawing of a lion. Before his performance, and immediately after, he devoured "mealies" and offal, nearly raw, in quantities to astonish even a Kaffir. And then he laid him supine, and slept, with features twitching, stomach swollen like a drum, and little thin legs extended, but unrelaxed, ready to bound upon his feet at the slightest noise. An extraordinary creature is the Bushman, — one to drive conscientious anthropologists to despair.

Meanwhile I entertained my guest. He told me that he was an Africander of Huguenot blood. He had traded on a large scale up country; but one misfortune after another had broken up his connection with the Kaffir chiefs, and reduced him to digging on Bultfontein. Compassion would

be quite thrown away upon many of his fellows in that state of life, but Vasson was not lucky. In four months of hard work he had found nothing. I was able to put the poor fellow into a small claim I had just purchased, where the usual percentage of half the finds for his labor should make him comfortable, and might give him a fortune. So, the next day, he set to work rejoicing.

I did not see much of Vasson after that, except on a Saturday, when he brought my diamonds, if any, and balanced accounts. The venture was fairly successful. After a time I moved to New Rush, with a round sum which my particular claim had brought me; and then, though not unlucky upon the whole, I met with an accident which laid me up for several months. It was in that time that I really made acquaintance with Vasson, who was very shy and retiring. Many stories he told to relieve the horrible tedium of my illness. My friends more prosperous were not unkind; but the business of diamond-digging in that halcyon day was too full of excitement, too cruelly checkered by ups and downs, to leave remembrance for those "shut up and left" in the struggle. A joyous word at the door, a hasty tale of somebody's luck, or of somebody's folly, exhausted the charitable impulse of my comrades. Vasson was a man of another stamp—lower, I think, but more grateful to me then. Somewhat dull, very self-conscious, silent, as are all who have passed their life among savages, and unable by constitution and habit to see the best point of his own stories, he was still my pleasantest companion—in fact, my only one. Many curious hints and details I picked up from him of life "up country," which I now regret to have let pass without a note. But one tale of his—that which I am about to transcribe—was impressed by three repetitions. I am sure I have it correct. After hearing, the reader may decide for himself whether Cape Town antiquaries are right in identifying the ruins below Bloemhof with the ancient Momotopata.

In 1861 Vasson went up towards "the lakes" with a train of five wagons, carrying about £5,000 worth of goods, cotton, gunpowder, cutlery, and the like. Even at that time the trade was not what it had been. Competition had set in, and, as a necessary consequence, a reckless system of credit. Though the great chiefs still held themselves bound to one or other trader, they began to cease coercing their inferiors. These, unrestrained by pride,

and incapable of balancing the advantages of honesty, did not regard their bargains as sacred. They took what they could get, promised everything, and performed as little as possible. Under sufficient pressing, the kings would still perpetrate horrible tortures upon a swindler; but the ferocity of their justice deterred humane traders from appealing to it, the more especially since one serious word from his black suzerain would have stopped any chief—which word was not pronounced. In fact, the monopoly was breaking up. But without monopoly, in these days of enterprise and universal speculation, savage trade cannot be carried on. I must ask the reader to think out for himself the necessity of this case, since I have no room to demonstrate it. His reflections will be greatly aided by a short conversation with any merchant who has commercial relations with Africa, with the far East, and such latitudes.

Vasson understood his business, and he foresaw the dead-lock which has since come about. He resolved to leave the track, already too much beaten by Jews and carpet-baggers, who, getting their own goods on credit, could afford, in a dishonest sense, to sell them on the same terms. After eighteen months' wandering amongst old customers, he reached the northern limit of the Matabele country. That warlike people claim authority over all bordering tribes; and if the king had known that one of "his traders" had ventured across the frontier, it might have cost that daring man his life. But Vasson was well acquainted with the risk. The Matabele keep a line of desert round them, like the ancient Suevi. Their ferocious bands constantly traverse it, but Vasson trusted to his own vigilance, and the superhuman cunning of his bush-boys. These people to the trader are more than dogs to the sportsman. My friend's oxen and horses were all "salted"—that is, had suffered and survived the attacks of the tsetse-fly; with them he confidently ventured into parts unknown; and upon leaving the trade-route, he followed a course due westward, in about the latitude, as he thinks, of Sofala.

The desert barrier of the Matabele is about thirty miles wide, beyond which, as they tell you, extends a country to which "no man comes nor hath come since the making of the world." That was the question which Vasson proposed to test. A week's journey through lands where his oxen found abundance of forage, showed him that the Matabele. in this respect as

in others, are indifferent to the truth. He came upon a district well wooded, full of game, and not uncultivated, though the people remained invisible. They had cause to hide, with such savage neighbors. Vasson scouted assiduously, but failed to discover so much as a farm-hut. He had not yet quite passed the area of *veldt* lands, and with some judgment and risk could take his wagons in a line tolerably straight. Twenty Hottentots and Bastards well armed made his company, besides half-adozen teamsters, and as many bush-boys. They had stood by him in worse fights than he was likely to encounter.

Where there is cultivation there must be people, and where people, trade. For the raw material appeared in plenty, and if these barbarians did not yet know the delight of cotton cloths and rum, business would be only the more profitable. Exciting work it is to push through an unknown country when the population remains obstinately out of sight, but African traders of the old school do not easily take alarm. Nevertheless, when he had marched for three weeks on end through this peopled solitude, passing never a road, seeing no house nor any inhabitant, Vasson began to feel anxious. For his life he entertained no fear at all, but a thousand accidents might wreck his fortune; and his Hottentots, afraid, like all negroes, of the unknown, grew more and more gloomy as they advanced. Game, however, showed in plenty, and thus the men escaped all pretence of hunger, that supreme excitement of insubordination and alarm.

After three weeks' steady journeying they found themselves before a chain of hills which barred their course. The vegetation had become more dense, and each day it grew more difficult to force the wagons on. Vasson announced that if from their tops no satisfactory prospect could be seen, he would turn back, and try districts eastward of the Matabele, which are known, indeed, but rarely visited. Accordingly, he left the wagons there, and climbed the nearest hill with a few trusty Hottentots. A day and a half brought him to the top, and from a clear knoll he looked across the plain below. First to catch his sight was a great river flowing northward, along the foot of the high ground. Its banks, thickly wooded, were patched with clearings of lighter green, which showed more frequent towards the left, where a long space seemed to mark a town. Not less than twenty miles of country lay before Vasson's eye, so far as he could judge, and it was all

peopled and cultivated. He took rough bearings of a *kloof* or pass which seemed likely to be practicable for his wagons, and returned in great contentment. Half-way back he met a couple of the men left in charge escorting a number of strangers. The latter halted, whilst the Hottentots delivered their message. They brought overtures of friendship from an unknown sovereign. Vasson instantly produced his flask, and opened communication. The ambassadors were much like any other negroes — almost naked, well-shaped, and snub-featured. Their ornaments and cloths showed no sign of intercourse with Europeans, at which view the trader rejoiced. They wore a smiling and gentle expression, and carried no arms. The one peculiarity which struck Vasson was their mode of arranging the hair — that distinctive mark among negro tribes. These people shaved the crown of the head, and twisted their wool back over a pad from forehead to nape. They spoke Matabele with some difficulty.

The purport of their message was an invitation to the royal kraal. They said that the white man's presence had been reported to their king long ago, to his great satisfaction. He wished no better than to trade, and he would make himself responsible for the white man's stock. In earnest of his good intentions, he had sent these officers to guide the travellers, intrusting them with presents of food. All this is so usual on the part of a negro monarch that Vasson did not feel surprise. Though omitting no precaution, he followed the ambassadors readily. They did not lead him through the *kloof* which his sagacity had chosen, but guided the wagons by a longer route, perhaps more convenient, but toilsome enough.

It is hard work to gather details from an African trader. A negro is a negro to him, a king is a king, and his palace is sufficiently described by the noun-substantive. All that occurred to Vasson as worth mentioning about this people was, that they seemed more intelligent and better-tempered than the warrior tribes with whom he had hitherto done business. They were fairer, perhaps; but in a negro kraal of the interior every shade of complexion may be noticed, from soot-black to bronze-yellow. Their features, too, were comparatively regular, but scarcely more so than in other cases. No exercise of memory could recall anything more peculiar about king or subjects. His majesty received the guest with usual ceremonies, raised him a large hut, and showed a per-

fect bewilderment of joy at the presents offered. He had never seen a white man before; and such European manufactures as had hitherto made his choicest spoil had been won from marauding Matabele. The king was young and good-looking. He possessed some hundreds of wives, a little army of *caboceers*, and used such ceremonial as is affected by other negro potentates. Trade proved to be excellent. The people had quantities of ivory, dressed skins, a good deal of gold-dust, and a few ostrich-feathers of high class. Some ancestral stones they valued also, which Vasson now recognizes to have been diamonds. For the sake of encouragement he bought a few from influential personages; but, putting no value on them, they were soon lost. The trade could be properly described by no word less emphatic than "roaring." Whole tusks of ivory Vasson bought for a roll of cotton, feathers at six pennyworth of rum, superb *karosses* at a similar rate. In two months he had sold all his stock remaining, and justly considered himself a capitalist.

During this time he passed through the adventure which struck my imagination. The royal town, as I have said, was clustered on a spur of the mountain, with an arm of the river at its foot. The guides had brought Vasson over a defile many miles to the southward, and so down the river-bank. But when he began to think of returning, he remembered that kloof upon the northern side of the spur, which would certainly cut off many miles of road, if practicable. To his inquiries the answer was unanimous, that a thousand difficulties intervened. But something in the manner of his hosts convinced Vasson that they were telling a falsehood. Having now such a precious cargo, all kinds of fancies and suspicions gathered in his mind. He resolved to explore; and with that object accustomed the people to see him take long walks into the country with his gun and a bush-boy. Then, having disarmed the jealousy of these simple fellows, he set out one day for the excursion.

Several paths led from the town to farmlands on the river-bank. Vasson intended to round the hill, but, after walking a couple of miles, he crossed a narrow track that mounted on his right. Without hesitation he followed this short cut. The steep and broken path seemed to have had few travellers of late, but it climbed in a direction such that Vasson began to hope it would take him to the kloof itself. The distance was greater than he had thought; four hours' good walking carried him only

to the crest of the descent. He met no soul, but fetishes in abundance, which chilled the very marrow of his bush-boy. Fearsome objects they were indeed, bits of awful rag tied to sticks, rotten chunks of wood across the road, feathers and strings fluttering on a branch. These things became more frequent as they went on, and Vasson began to fear that the kloof might be a fetish place, which would account for everything.

The path ended suddenly at a table-rock, which stood sheer above the entrance to a defile. Vasson halted in amaze. Before and above him rose a great propylon garlanded with creepers. Its blocks of huge stone showed scarcely one effacing mark of time. Gods long forgotten held court thereon, accepted tribute of peoples extinct, received the worship of mighty monarchs unrecorded. The cornice harbored flowers and birds in its bold ledge, but the shadow of it fell almost as clean as on the day when ancient colonies raised it — who shall tell how many centuries ago! The great arch stood at right angles to Vasson's place, and spanned nearly half the narrow cleft. Twenty men abreast could have walked through it, and the ground below was level like a causeway, though overgrown with brush. To left, the sheer precipice advanced so suddenly that Vasson could catch but a glimpse of the river; to right, at a hundred yards' distance, the semicircle was completed, shutting out all further view up the pass. A deadly silence reigned. Not a breath stirred the glossy leaves, shining and glittering against the hot blue sky. Whip-like creepers trailed from the cornice without a shiver, and their bright stars of blossoms hung motionless. The sunshine burned with stilly vehemence upon the pale-red stone, and checkered it with shadows deep as sculptured leaves. Such sight as that never came before the wanderer's eye. Vasson was seized with a reckless curiosity to know what lay beyond.

Right and left the cliff rose like a wall, so cut by human labor. Where he looked down, the vines beneath his feet had been smoothed away, but at a little distance on either side they fell to the very ground. He turned to force a way through the bush, and thus caught sight of his companion, who lay prostrate and shivering with fear, his eyes covered. Thus were the natives used to fall, no doubt, while they supplicated the fetish. Vasson told the half-inanimate creature that he wished to consult the gods in their very home, and

left him there. He pushed without difficulty along the escarpment, for such it was — designed, without doubt, for the use of archers in case of attack. A few yards on, he found a creeper suitable, slung his rifle, and dropped down. Thoughtlessly letting go his hold, he fell waist-deep into a morass, hidden by broad-leaved plants and herbage. A cry of despair escaped him, but the bottom of the morass proved to be hard as stone. After great exertions, sounding with his ramrod, he gained the bank, which was faced with slabs of granite. Superhuman in its grandeur the arch appeared as Vasson stood beneath it and looked through. Upon the side remote from his former station, footholes had been rudely cut, and two strong ropes hung from the top. He saw the trick now. By this staircase mounted the fetish-priests to play their savage tricks upon the simple folk who asked their aid.

Keeping a look-out for treacherous magicians and snakes scarcely less harmful, Vasson walked up the kloof. After two or three turnings, always between those barriers of cliff, which at each corner bore a ruined turret, he saw at length the open space beyond, and once more halted with a thrill. What he had supposed a kloof was a level basin of many hundred acres. Though it was well clothed with trees, he could trace the lie of the land; but no opening appeared save that in which he stood. Lofty hills closed round it like a wall. But other sights absorbed him. The causeway he had followed led to another propylon, and through that to a maze of stately ruins. White as marble in the distance shone the walls of a city, gapped, dismantled, but still superb. Only a glimpse of their circuit could be gained through intervening clumps of wood. Above and under and among the ruins green heads of foliage rose high into the air, with white columns gleaming through. Vasson was but a trader, and not imaginative; but such a sight killed fear. Experience told him that the fetish-men themselves would not be likely to dwell in these haunted ruins; indeed he marked a few brown huts under a knoll, with people moving to and fro. Heedless of consequences in his excitement, he plunged into the woods upon his left.

Stumbling over broken columns, turned from his course by walls half erect, he struggled on, guided by the hunter's instinct. After two hours' work the bastions of the city gleamed on a sudden through the trees. He had approached within fifty yards before seeing them. Like a hill of

masonry the dismantled blocks sloped upwards. Trees stood amongst them, bushes sprang in every cleft between huge stones. Ten yards in air hung a big rock, lifted by the crest of a young cotton-tree, hurrying towards the light. Vasson climbed easily over the ruins. Within he found a vigorous jungle reigning, pavements all covered and broken, streets and houses uprooted. A few yards on either side bounded his utmost view, but what he saw convinced him of the luxury once ruling in this savage land. To right and left he made his way, finding only trees and thickets in a wilderness of rubbish. The tall white columns evidently stood in another quarter of the town. It was time to set back. But just as he made up his mind to turn, Vasson caught a glimpse of more important ruins, and pushed on for a last chance.

Another scramble on walls overthrown brought him to the edge of such a cavity as misdirected experience enabled him to recognize with ease. It was a "pan," says Vasson, fitted with seats half-way round. Those who know south African scenery will perceive how natural was the mistake. What Vasson thought to be a "pan" was doubtless a theatre. It seemed to me strong evidence of truth that the man should intelligibly describe objects so far beyond his knowledge as a propylon and a Greco-Egyptian theatre. The ranges of seats were almost perfect, and the wall of the uposkenion — to use the proper word — could be distinctly followed. Enough of it was left to give half-a-dozen persons a lofty seat. So many, in fact, lounged upon it, basking in the sun. The bright colors of their dress caught Vasson's eye upon the instant. He crouched in superstitious awe, for his nerves had been long on stretch. The skin of these people was white, their costume strange. Instinctively the explorer hid, but not in time. They saw him, and, leaping from the perch, they fled with an eerie clamor. Peering down, Vasson saw them pass between the shattered orchestra and the public seats. All his tremors vanished. The white complexion was yellow and diseased, the white hair sapless, the brilliant dresses fluttering tufts of rag. The creatures who dared to occupy that haunted city were albino idiots, a class very common in negro-land. Of their color the fetish-men made use, no doubt, when needful, and their foolishness preserved them from the terrors of the place.

Vasson hasted back, though he judged that the albinos' exaggerated report would

be more likely to alarm the priests than to stir them to pursuit. He had marked his track, of course, and followed it with speed. When the brown huts again came into sight, he was not surprised to observe a great animation reigning. The albinos all were there, fluttering like a small crowd of parrots on the ground. But the fetish-men and women had doubtless withdrawn to perform their incantations—in which they at least believe—and to construe this portent with awful alarms. Vasson crept from bush to bush across the open, gained the kloof, plunged into the morass where he had sounded it, swarmed the cliff, and found his bush-boy—still prostrate, still with eyes covered, still praying or sleeping, or—one knows not what to fancy of a creature but half human. At his master's kick he raised himself quietly to follow. Choosing a back way they reached the town before sunset, and Vasson called upon the king at once for his P. P. C. He “grasped the situation,” and perceived that the fetish-men would be no long time before discovering that the white stranger had explored their mysteries. The small surplus of his stock Vasson distributed amongst the royal household and the most powerful *caboceers*. Twenty-four hours after beholding these strange sights he inspanned for the home journey.

Vasson passed safely through the Matabele realm, not without suspicion, however. Judicious bribes saved him. In reaching the colony he found himself a man of fortune. But successful traders in south Africa are the favorite victims of legal knavery. They gain an exaggerated notion of their shrewdness, which is only rectified by disastrous matching with the trained wit of German Hebrews. Vasson, like others, was as good as ruined the day he opened business. Three years after, he was obliged to take the “Kaffir road” once more, and his course was naturally directed towards that rich, retiring, and unsophisticated population, the secret of whose existence he had breathed to no soul living before me. But circumstances had changed. Who shall guess how the Matabele had heard of his illicit explorations, or how rumors wander across the desert? That question has occupied many minds, but it did not seem *actuel* to Vasson when the Matabele seized his wagons, arms, goods, and Hottentots for treason, taking credit for leaving him his life. My poor friend returned with a single horse and a sack of “mealies.” The first venture into fairyland made his for-

tune; the second ruined him beyond hope. After that catastrophe he rubbed along with petty trade, penuriously saving up for another expedition. The ancients were wise. It cost a man his life to see the mysteries of the gods. In the hope of sudden wealth Vasson had tried the diamond fields, but to no purpose, for the object he had in view. None who keep before them a definite design succeed there, the evil fates alone know why, for surely these deserve protection. When I left, Vasson had gathered but a very few hundred pounds toward the thousands needed. I have heard nothing from him since, but the newspapers inform us that Momotopata has been identified in certain Greek ruins below Bloemhof in the Transvaal. What then was Vasson's city? Were there two Greco-Egyptian colonies?

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SARK, AND ITS CAVES.

IN June last year (1877), I crossed from Southampton to Guernsey, intending to stay some days in Sark, and explore the caves there, as I had done those of Cornwall, an account of which I gave in *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1876. We arrived early in the morning at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, and I found the excursion steamer, which leaves Guernsey for Sark only twice a week, just gone—for if the Southampton packet happens to be late, the excursion steamer does not wait for her. But sailing-boats go to and fro daily, weather permitting. In winter, weather does not permit, and Sark is often without communication with the larger islands for ten days or a fortnight together, so they must frequently be rather short of news and provisions there, though milk, bread, eggs, and poultry would not be likely to run short. The time of the passage of course varies; and as no Sark boat had arrived at St. Peter Port, nor was expected to start for some time, I hired a sailing-boat for myself. The morning was rainy and cold; we were some hours out, and we had to take to our oars, the wind being insufficient for our purpose. A small boat with two fishermen, and full of gigantic crabs, came to meet us when we approached, and took me on shore with my box. Having passed the fine precipices of Brechon, we landed on some tough, brown rocks at the wild, picturesque little Havre Gosselin, this being the nearest point to Guernsey; one of the sail-

ors, a strong youth, carried my box, which was not light, up these steep rocks—a feat I should have been very sorry to have had to perform myself. The inn (Hôtel Gavey) is about a mile off, and an excellent one I found it. I was sorry to learn that, on account of this difficulty of communication with the outer world through the long winter months, Mr. Gavey was about to give up his little hotel; for he makes his visitors most comfortable, and charges them moderately.

I spent ten days on the small island, and wished I could have spent more. In walking to the inn, I was much struck with the beauty of the lanes and hedges, with the greenness of the grass and the abundance of wild flowers, especially saxifrage—more than one species of which is very luxuriant—seathrift, and ferns. There is also plenty of purple iris, while the cottage gardens are full of myrtle, large tree-fuchsia, and many other flowers, indicating a mild climate. The little hotel is beautifully situated in Dixcart Valley. A stream runs down to the sea here, and the windows look upon a small meadow of the richest grass, where a graceful Guernsey cow was tethered, who never failed by herself to supply the whole hotel with delicious milk; the meadow sloping down to the stream, which is closely embowered with fine trees, apple, pear, oak, beech, alder, and others, where the birds sing sweetly. Dixcart Bay, within a few minutes' walk, is the favorite place for bathing. "Happy the race that has no history." Little Sark has none to speak of, and seems happy. There is little crime, little poverty, little sickness. Sark has a language of its own, but no literature—a modification of the Jersey *patois*. French and English are taught in the schools, and nearly every one seems to know French. The only noteworthy incident in the history of Sark is its recovery for the English from the French by a Flemish gentleman in the reign of Queen Mary. The incident reminds one of the Trojan horse, for a coffin was landed which was said to contain a dead body for burial; but in the chapel the Flemish crew, opening it, took from it "swords, targets, and arquebusses," with which they soon overpowered the scanty French garrison, a part of whom had been persuaded to row off to the ship to receive certain commodities, and these were made prisoners. The boat returned filled with Flemings. Queen Elizabeth granted the island to Helier de Carteret, seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey, to be

held by him and his heirs in perpetuity, on condition that he let it out in forty different tenements, that so there might be at least as many men to repel any sudden attack. In his family it remained for some time; in fact, Carteret seems the commonest name among the farmers and fishermen now. Sark has its own local government, and is still portioned out into these forty tenements, held of the seigneur, which may not be divided, and which pass to the eldest son, or daughter, if there are no male heirs. Nor may they be sold without consent of the seigneur; so that some of the farms have remained in the same families since 1575. The holders of the forty tenements, the seigneur, the seneschal, the prévôt, and the greffier now constitute the Court of Chefs-Plaids. This court levies all local rates, and the seneschal has complete jurisdiction in all cases of petty offences. The seigneur can refuse his assent to measures passed by the court, but there is a doubtful right of appeal from him to the royal court of Guernsey. I took a great liking to the people; they seem a simple, honest, and manly race, a population of fishermen and agriculturists. The houses are strongly built of dark granite, the walls being very thick, with flowers often trained over them. The old stone wells are particularly picturesque. It was curious to hear the Church of England service in French in the church on Sunday afternoon. The weather-beaten fishermen and farmers go there, and also to the Presbyterian chapel, in their "Sunday best," namely, in black coats, looking very prosperous. There is a monument on the hill near Havre Gosselin, erected to the memory of a party who perished by the capsizing of a sailing boat. It is erected by the widow of the gentleman who hired the boat. Here my sailor boy, who was carrying my things, deposited them on the pedestal, that he might go and look for some one to help him; and as I wished to get on to the hotel out of the Scotch mist, he told me I might safely do so without encumbrances, as robberies were absolutely unknown, and the book-bag, and rug, etc. etc., might be left to themselves without the smallest risk, and so it proved. There are good schools, and the climate being healthy, the rock-scenery of wonderful unique beauty, with all the other advantages thus enumerated, is this not a kind of "earthly paradise"? It would certainly be a good place to spend a honeymoon in. The good simple folk know nothing and care nothing for the distractions of religious or political controversy on the conti-

nents yonder: whether or not their creed and constitution be absolutely "the best," they are pious and content; with no history and no literature—think of that!—living a healthy, honest, out-door life, braving the perils of their stormy seas, proud of their island home, familiar with the wondrous and changing face of nature, satisfied with the "state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them"—all except the younger sons perhaps, who have perforce—and a good thing too—to go and seek their fortunes elsewhere!

My usual programme was to go out, after an excellent breakfast (consisting of first-rate tea, new-laid eggs, good bread and butter, and fresh lobster), for the purpose of exploring the coast, taking some biscuits with me, and trusting to getting milk at the cottages, where I would sit and chat for a while with the courteous fisherman's or farmer's wife and her pretty little children; or else I trusted to finding a spring, or returned in time for the small *table d'hôte* dinner at six o'clock. There are no guides, and this is a little inconvenient; yet, if you once get to know your whereabouts a little, I for my part prefer to go about alone. There is generally some visitor staying at Sark in the summer who will accompany the stranger to the principal points of interest, if he desires it, in return for a similar favor that has probably been shown himself on his arrival. At least, I found two gentlemen who knew the localities well and did me this kindness. My first business, however, was to take a boat and row round the island, which gives you the best general idea of it. I walked down to the Creux Harbor, by the other little inn (the Bel Air), and there embarked. This is the only harbor for boats of any size, except the unused Port Gouray, to the south, but it is not large enough even for the small excursion steamer to enter. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of fine rocks, which are pierced by a tunnel, the only access by land to the harbor. When we rowed round the bays the sea was of a beautiful clear emerald color, lighter round the reefs, and laced with foam, as I used to see it on fine days in Cornwall. In coming back the boatman and I had to strain every nerve to get into the small harbor round the breakwater, the current being very strong and a brisk breeze blowing. But the weather was, on the whole, very favorable for exploration of the caves, whether by boat or by swimming: in Cornwall it had always been too rough for

this. I think I was a little disappointed with the appearance of height and general massive effect of the cliffs in Sark, while the colors can hardly vie with those of Kynance or Mullion; there is nothing so stupendous either as the granite cliffs of Tol Pedu-pen, with the cliffs of Connemara, or the Hebridean Loch Scavaig. Still, the tints of the rock are often beautiful; and there are some very noble masses, as, for instance, the Tint-a-jeu (Tintagel), the Moie de Mouton, and the Autelets. But the Gonliot Caves are probably among the most remarkable sea caves known, those of Staffa and Capri alone (and these hardly) rivalling them in interest. On my boat excursion round the island I got a header at a delicious place on the south-east of it (near the barracks, I think, called Brenière), where an iron ladder is fixed to the rock, and I often came afterwards by land for the same purpose. Here is a cove with a boat drawn up on shore, and the fishermen spread their nets and lobster-pots to dry above the iron ladder. We passed a hollow in the cliffs before we got to this spot, where an easy climb enables you to obtain lovely specimens of *Asplenium marinum*, which elsewhere grows out of reach. The first cave we went into was one on the south-west, an extremely beautiful one in respect of form and color. I believe it has various names; but my boatman called it *Victor Hugo's*, because, he said, he had rowed Victor Hugo into it, and the great French poet, having admired it and asked its name, on learning that it had none in particular, told him he might call it Victor Hugo's. Most of the stone is granite or porphyry, or similar metamorphic rock, in Sark the mica of ordinary granite being replaced by hornblende; but all varieties of stain, produced by weathering and lichens, unite with the native hues of the material to give lovely effects of color in many of these caves, especially in this one. Its rude architecture also has noble proportions. To adopt an idea of Hugo, the tumultuous turbulence of earthquake, of storms, who were the builders and sculptors here, have breathed the spirit of their own chaos into the sublime symmetry of these high vaults, arches, and dark, mysterious, winding corridors, wherein the sea washes and wanders, stumbles and fumbles blindly, murmuring, sobbing, making strange sounds in dim recesses of the mountain's heart. This cave has dark walls, with pink felspar veinings and many a golden stain; light from the green, fluctuant ocean-floor quavering on wall and

roof, with exquisitely subtle, soft-embossed "eye music." A boat can enter the recesses of it better than any other; but the coloring of some in Dixcart Bay is perhaps more brilliant, vivid crimson, almost like the lizard serpentine. (There is also plenty of fine green serpentine in Sark.) That small cave is also clothed with a rich robe of purple lichen. However, this Tyrian dye is finer in some caves of north Devon and Cornwall. Mr. C., who has probably been in every cave of Sark, told me there was another finer cavern in the Point du Château, only to be explored by wading. This I had not time to visit. The state of the tide being unfavorable for visiting the Gonliots and Boutiques, we did not attempt them, but rowed as far as we dared into the Moie de Mouton Cave, the approach to which is grand. It is in a vertical cliff (I believe about three hundred feet high) which has been formed into a peninsula through the action of the waves, and is separated by a steep precipice from the mainland. Its jagged, weathered pinnacles and castellations are the resort of innumerable gulls, cormorants, puffins, oyster-catchers, etc., who set up their wild cries on a boat's approach, and darken the air with their wheeling motions in clouds above you. It seems that some of the islanders land their sheep out of a boat here, leaving them to browse upon the scanty herbage, and when the sheep are wanted, while they feed upon the precipice, shoot them, picking them up out of the water as they fall into it. This sounds apocryphal, but I believe it is true. The small gloomy fiords and fissures about here are very impressive. This cave is narrow, though long, and even on a calm day it is surprising what a suction of water there is in it, as I found to my cost on swimming there subsequently. I was anxious to explore it to the end, which I was told had not been done; so one day I came round here in a boat, and having fastened a bit of candle to an old hat, I swam till a big wave washed in, put my candle out, and bruised me a bit against the rocky sides. However, as my eyes had got more accustomed to the darkness, I went on, and the water soon becoming shallow, I felt my way along till the cave narrowed to a fissure, through which I could see daylight, but into which a man could not squeeze himself. The water was not near so cold as I thought it would be, still I was very glad to get a header out in the open sunlight, where mother-of-pearl seemed fleeting and floating upon the clear warm green waves, and to bask on a rock

near the cavern portal afterwards. The most amusing thing was that a quantity of young cormorants, making the most alarmed cries, retreated as I advanced further and further into the depths of the cavern, but when they got near the shallow water at the end they dived under me, and so made their escape. We rowed back to the Creux Harbor between the island and the recently detached Nez, at the extreme north, where the current is very rapid indeed, coming round by the Eperchenes (the old landing-place), and visiting the Chapelle des Manses and another cave. We passed also the Autelets, which are splendid detached craggy towers, about whose feet bright surges leap blithely, from their inaccessibility much inhabited by sea-birds, as also is the Etac de Sark, on the south-east, but that is more accessible. The grounds of the Seigneurie, which are very pretty, as is also the house of the seigneur, open upon the Port du Montin, a little bay near the Autelets. Here there was an old monastery, and the fishponds of it remain. On the cliffs above the Autelets a crane is erected, by which the *vrais*, a seaweed much used for manure, is hoisted up from the beach.

Another excursion is to the Creux du Denible, which is a wonderful place indeed, and well worth a visit; nor is the fame of it exaggerated, as assuredly is that of the Coupée, a narrow natural causeway connecting Great and Little Sark together, which is curious geologically, but to my mind not impressive at all, for all the fuss made about it. This Creux is a huge crater with gloomy vertical sides, of a deep gory red, nearly two hundred feet in height: there is an almost precisely similar one at Tol Pedu-penwith in Cornwall. These strange shafts are formed by the percolation of water from above loosening veins of softer clayey material in the hard igneous rock, the *débris* being washed away little by little through the sea's action in caves below—for they all have communication with the sea by caves. The sea, however, only penetrates into the shaft during high spring tides when the boiling cauldron reverberating and bursting spray up to the very summit must be magnificent. There are two very steep tracks in the rock near here, much overgrown with ivy and bramble at the top, by which you may, if you like, descend to the shore. A young gentleman who accompanied me made notes of the one just adjoining the Creux, but I stopped short in the middle, and did not like it, without a guide's steadying hand. Taking a boat,

however, from the harbor, I landed in Denible Bay, and proceeding through one of the strange natural tunnels that communicates with the Creux, I emerged through the other. Within this circular amphitheatre the scene is extraordinarily impressive. A gigantic buttress of dark stone, worn by storms into the most fantastic and unearthly shapes, divides one great portal from another. From within the circular chasm (one hundred feet in length by fifty feet across), with its lofty blood-red vertical walls, you gaze up at the blue sky and fleecy clouds that form your roof, around to the huge rolled boulders, the playthings of tempest; on either side the vast buttress, that suggests in the twilight some huge corrugated half-human giant, across the blue sea. Through one cavern-portal Jersey in misty outline is visible; through the other the castellated jutting cliffs of the Point du Denible. There is no sound, save of quiet plashing waves upon the shore,—

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

Beyond this bay I clambered over wet stones covered with seaweed, to see a great detached rock in which there is a fine natural arch; but I had sent my boat away, and the tide warned me that, though I could not climb *down* from the Creux, I *must* now climb *up*, the farther track (with some iron rings fixed in the cliff at a difficult place) may possibly be the easiest; this was the one, at any rate, I got up by. One must be careful of the tide, of course. Bathing near the Port du Montin I was caught one day, all egress from my little creek being cut off, except up the cliff. There is a similar though smaller *creux* in Little Sark, called the Pot; there the interior of the fissure is robed with luxurious aromatic plants of all kinds; you can easily get down it by a little track to the shore, then turning northwards, there is some fine solitary chaotic rock-scenery to be found, also a small cave with beautiful crystals in it. Time slips away when one broods long and alone in such places.

One day Mr. C. took me to explore the Boutiques. To do this thoroughly you want a lantern or a torch, for there are some very big awkward blocks where you might let yourself down, and it is pitch dark, so that you would in falling break your leg without a light. The land entrance is by a steep vein of soft clayey mineral. At the entrance a lofty, grand, and gloomy vault: when you have clambered cautiously

down the big boulders into unknown depths, you have to wade through water which remains even at low tide; and here let me strongly recommend bathing-shoes for use in the Sark caves, for I cut my foot rather badly on the sharp stones; but fortunately sea water is a great healer. Not having bathing-shoes with me, I usually wore two pairs of socks wading, but did not wear them on this occasion. You must not trust to buying much at the shops here, for the stock of goods in general is limited; there is, in fact, no village at all, only a few scattered houses, but I believe there are good lodgings to be had in these.

After this water you arrive in a fine spacious chamber, having an opening to the sea. The dripping roof affords a lodgment for those beautiful green ferns—*Asplenium marinum*—that love twilight and moisture. Beyond the great chamber you pass through a passage that leads outside the open at the northern extremity of the island, but you have to do some amount of stiff climbing over black boulders before you get there. To do justice to this cave, there should be torches, it cannot be seen with a lantern properly.

Another excursion I made was from the little Havre Gosselin by boat to the Isle of Brechon, to visit the Pirates' Cave, the entrance to which is perhaps grander than anything at Sark, and reminds one of the cave at Tol Pedu. The vast irregular fissure strikes the traveller approaching from Guernsey by the islands of Jethon and Herm; it is a broad black gash, reaching from top to bottom of the perpendicular cliff. The landing here is not very easy even in the calmest weather; you have to time jumping on to one of the rocks as the wave drives your boat towards it; you then clamber up some large black boulders sloping backwards, a long grand granite staircase suggesting the "Arabian Nights" or "Vathek" till you stand under the mighty arch itself as of a mountain temple. Here is the entrance to some old copper mines. I penetrated some way into the level with a light; and it is said that a great depth of ashes was found by those excavating the mine, confirming the tradition that pirates had formerly made their eyrie in this wild spot. The Havre Gosselin opposite is the most picturesque of little bays, with its fishing boats and nets, and its iron ladder fixed to the brown corrugated crag, with a rope beyond that, by which a person landing makes his way up from the boats. The sunshine on these rich brown rocks and on the sparkling clear green sea is always beautiful. It was

generally reported to be impossible to swim across the Gonliot Straits, the eighty-yard-wide passage that divides Brechon from Sark. These straits have a sinister reputation, several ships having been wrecked in their immediate neighborhood. Professor Ansted says: "The water passage between the Gonliot rock and Brechon is deep, dark, and dangerous. The current is swift, and varies with the tide, so that at times it would be impossible to row against it. There is, however, depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, and daring sailors in time of need have ventured to sail through it." Finding myself there (about an hour after or before the turn of the tide), I thought the swim across would not be difficult; so on my return from Brechon I got a boatman to row me to the Gonliot rock that I might try it; he kept near in case I should find the current too strong. But I got easily across to Brechon (drifting a little south) in a very short time. Great care must be taken, however, as to the state of the tide; the boatman should be consulted. In order to dissuade me from what he considered a rash attempt, my pleasant boatman, as a last resort, told me, when I was on the very point of taking my header, that there were "lots of big porpoises here;" indeed, we had seen them; but I told him he knew they would not hurt me; then he said, "Oh! but there are white porpoises, and they do hurt!" It was too late, I had taken my header; yet to my horror it occurred to me in the water that perhaps he meant sharks! However, I did not meet any. Brechon is inhabited chiefly by rabbits.

Talking of sharks reminds one of that other sea-monster, the octopus. It was in a cavern of the Douvres rocks, in the Chaussey archipelago, not so very far off, that Hugo, as every one knows, placed his *pieuvre*. And I hear that his beautiful description of the sea cave was suggested chiefly by the Gonliot caves of Sark. The Gonliot caves must certainly be classed among the most uniquely lovely places in the world. But to be really appreciated they must be visited again and again under different aspects and in various manners. You must go into them by land and by sea. It is only at certain hours, or certain days, under special circumstances of tide, weather, and elevation of the sun, that you can see them to advantage at all. Nor do I believe that an island like this can be fairly appreciated by the picnic parties that come for the day by the Guernsey or Jersey excursion steamer to drink champagne or beer at Mr. Gavey's. To know and feel

nature a man must watch her countenance and her varying moods, as a lover watches the face and moods of a beloved woman. There is no difficulty in the path that leads down to the Gonliot, though at the bottom a little scrambling over boulders has to be done. Through a magnificent natural arch, when you enter the first cavern, you gaze upon the blue sea, the hazy blue air, and the warm brown cliffs of the Havre Goselin. A branch of the first cavern leads westward to the sea; but turning sharp round when we come to this, we make our way into a chamber whose walls are literally covered with plum and greengage-colored anemones, as though embossed with so many rich gems. This leads to the sea again, and one can clamber thence over a rough ridge of rocks to rejoin the path one has descended. These are partly covered with slippery seaweed and barnacles. But if you do this only, you will not have seen the Gonliots. Westward from this cave opens a narrow fissure with always more or less sea-water in it; and through this one must wade in order to reach the glories of the place. You then enter one of the loveliest fairy palaces in the world; but it is seen to most advantage as I saw it swimming in from the Gonliot rock, opposite Brechon, with the afternoon sunlight just pouring into the entrance. This channel is very narrow, and in swimming great care should be taken, as the suction is always considerable, and there is only just room to float; the rock, moreover, is covered with wounding sharp acorn shells; the weather should be perfectly calm, and the swimmer not liable to cramp. But what I saw I will attempt to describe. The sun was shining upon myriads of rosy, and carmine, sunrise-tinted, glistening anemones; through the clear chrysoprase-colored wave one could perceive some with their sensitive rainbow tentacles extended, those above the water-line being equally beautiful, though closed. This narrow channel, which cannot be entered by a boat or by wading, opened into an exquisitely lovely Nereid's palace, instinct with seagreen twilight, the rich rough sides of which were thickly encrusted with living gems of all fashions; here all

Had suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange:

all was living arabesque, rarest filigree, enchasement as of shrines or goblets. Besides the sea-flowers described, there were delicate porcelain-white ones, innumerable corallines and madrepores,

sponges of infinite variety and golden hue, minute volcano-like fretted fountains jetting crystal, water-light meanwhile quavering on fair tinted roof and wall, green or purple tresses and streamers of laver, dulse, and tangle stirring joyously in dim bouldered deeps below. To float luxuriously in the midst of such glories seemed like being in heaven, or at least in fairyland! Along the cliffs of the mainland east of the caves in the adjoining fiord, Mr. C. told me he had, by wading, found ultramarine actinias; but though I swam there on purpose I did not find them, the tide being probably too high. Southward again from this chamber a winding corridor, illuminated by green twilight, with delicious sound of rushing water in it, conducts into another fair sea hall. Immense orange-hued actinias were clustered in some fissure near this. One day wading was quite possible here, but another day I had to swim, and with the utmost difficulty, against the tide; but wading with one's clothes half on is most uncomfortable, you are sure to get very wet! In this further chamber, which is said to have the conformation of a human ear, still more marvels await you. The muffled sounds, the weird explosions the waters make amongst these vast dim labyrinths is strange indeed when one listens in solitude; and the silent, ancient monster head of the promontory seems to listen also! I confess that if I had had the "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" fresh in my mind just then I should have hesitated to swim so much about these caves, for in this very place (or in the Boutiques adjoining) Hugo states that *he himself saw* a bather pursued by a swimming *pieuvre*, and that it measured, on being caught, four feet across. So far as I could hear, the fishermen, as a rule, never do swim in these caves; and yet I had inquired from several, who all told me that they knew of none but small *pieuvres* at Sark. Of course in the torrid zone they do attain the dimensions of the poet's monster, and I doubt if one measuring four or five feet across would not be capable of disposing of a swimmer if the man were caught unwary. I was told that an easier method of dealing with them than cutting their heads off (Perseus-wise) was to *turn them inside out*: it does not sound very feasible. But assuredly he who has watched these obscene chimeras, with their palpitating, livid, leprous scab, that seems never wet though in the water, may well shudder to think of being seized by one in the twilight of such a cave. What are malicious Norwegian water-sprites and

hideous dragons to this? No, they *are* this. And of such a lovely cavern Hugo has made this snaky-haired Alecto, this Gorgon, presiding genius!

To return to the fourth chamber. Its walls are hung with multitudes of fairy-like outlandish creatures, *Tubulariæ*, *Caryophylliæ*, *Plumulariæ*. These polypes are usually small, but here their arborescent polyparies are like a forest of large olive-green grapes, being seldom unbathed by the sea. "Nowhere in Europe," says Professor Ansted, "under the most favorable circumstances, can so great a wealth of animal life be found within a small space as in some of the Sark caverns." He well names them the *grüne Gevölbe* of marine zoology. Upwards of eighty species of zoophytes have been found, and the varieties are numerous. These stalked cups and agate vases innumerable are compound hydroid polypes, to which belongs a most extraordinary history. The best account of such creatures is perhaps to be found in M. de Quatrefage's charming work, the "Wanderings of a Naturalist." We are largely indebted to him for our knowledge of them: the facts having been not so long ago received with all the incredulity that greeted Trembley's revelations concerning the fresh-water hydra.

"The whole compound animal is enclosed," says Mr. Gosse, "in a tube of transparent substance resembling horn; and this tube at every bud takes the form of an open cell or cup, into the cavity of which each individual polype head can withdraw itself on alarm, and from the orifice of which it protrudes and expands (spreading abroad its delicate tentacles) when it seeks prey. In this great marine family (*Sertulariadae*) the germ first develops a single hydra-like polype, consisting of a slender stem, enclosing a stomachal cavity. Soon, however, a lateral bud projects, which shoots upwards and develops a head of the tentacles similar to that of the first, while from the side of this another shoot still comes up the rising stem, which assumes a plant-like condition of branching stalks with many lateral tentacled buds." Then in the angle formed by the branches—or sometimes elsewhere on the stalk—at certain seasons appear the germ-bearing capsules or vesicles; these are tall, vase-like, transparent bodies, abruptly narrowed at top to a short rim like a pitcher. These capsules were especially remarkable as I swam. They contain ten or more ovate sacs, each of which encloses several embryos, which

escape successively by slowly emerging from the pitcher-like rim. But what are these embryos that thus escape? Why, no other than medusæ, those beautiful roseate, sylph-like parachutes we are familiar with, which illuminate the ocean with pale blue gleams at night, and which are often so formidable to fishes, even to the human swimmer. "The margin of the disk carries twenty-four slender tentacles exactly corresponding to those of the parent polype, being studded with warts, which are aggregations of barb-bearing capsules, instruments for arresting and killing prey. At the bases of the tentacles are placed eight beautiful organs which are doubtless the seats of a special sense. Each of these consists of a transparent globe; in its interior is borne a smaller globule or lens of high refractive power, placed a little toward the outer side. These are generally considered to be eyes, but some believe them to have more analogy to our organs of hearing, the crystalline globule (or otolith) being capable of vibration within its vesicle." Are they either organs of sight or of hearing? Why not of some special sense peculiar to these beings? What is the consciousness of such creatures? Who can tell? Marvellous fairies, true Nereids indeed we have here, and this fair marine palace belongs to them! For conceive the lovely innumerable parachute-like, rainbow-tinted opalline sylphs, with that strange consciousness of their own, which, if my senses had been less gross, I should have perceived with delight and wonder, sporting here in their native element, where I was to them but a temporary specimen of a rarely seen monstrous intruder!—where they are accustomed to disport themselves, moving by voluntary pulsations of their pellucid frames or delicate cilia, whose motion is that of wind-waved corn.

But why should Naiads, Nereids, or Tritons, and all Neptune's court of sea fairies have *human* forms? Was not that, after all, the only mistake our forefathers made on the subject? Otherwise they truly discerned that all is spirit; and much as we have learned, we have surely erred from their superior knowledge in substituting ideal "laws" and blind isolated "forces" for this early faith of true poetic intuition. Well, indeed, might the Christian poet sigh to be a "pagan suckled in a creed outworn," so that he might have "glimpses to make him less forlorn" in this age of dull, dead machinery! But the deadness is in us, not in nature. It is a temporary blindness, sent that we may see the more

truly afterwards. Great Pan is not dead. Like all our other beloved dead, he has but changed his form, and shall yet be given back to us a myriad-fold more living. But more remains to be told about our sea fairies here. The poor little things have innocently and unwittingly taught us a great "law" that still astonishes the mighty minds of our professors—the *law of alternate generation*. Fancy what an honor for these sea fairies, who also have been baptized by us with such very long Latin names! The stationary compound polype gives birth to a medusa, and the free swimming medusa in turn gives birth to a stationary, compound, plant-like polype. The medusa, out of its ovaries at a stated time, drops a quantity of ciliated gemmules; these pear-shaped creatures, endowed themselves with the power of spontaneous motion, fix upon a suitable locality and adhere; there they grow into a lengthened, branching, budding, compound hydroid polype. "It is evident," says Mr. Gosse, "that this is a very different thing from the metamorphosis which takes place in insects and crustacea, where it is but one individual passing through a succession of forms, by casting off a succession of garments that concealed, and, as it were, masked the ultimate form. The butterfly is actually contained in the caterpillar, and can be demonstrated there by a skilful anatomist. In this case, however, there are distinct births, producing in a definite order beings of two forms, the one never producing its image directly, but only with the interposition of a generation widely diverse from it. Hence, to use the striking, though homely, illustration of one of the first propounders of this law, any one individual is not at all like its mother or its daughter, but exactly resembles its grandmother, or its granddaughter." We have lately discovered that plants may become animals and animals plants! And, indeed, there is no longer any proper distinction between them, if the Venus fly-trap eats and digests organic food. But this extraordinary law, as perhaps one may term it, of *marine atavism*, transcends all other miracles of science.

One of my boatmen took me into his house one day to show me an immense block of stone that he had found floating on the sea near Brechon. It was honey-combed with air-chambers, and smelt strongly of sulphur; it appeared to be lava from some recently erupted volcano; the air-chambers enabled it to float. But what volcano could it have come from? And how far must it have travelled upon the

ocean currents that brought it? Or was it conceivably some kind of immense meteoric stone that fell at sea?

The reader may like to have the following legend of the Coupée, which perhaps is the most interesting thing about it. "Long centuries ago Sark rose from the waters, then, as now, an island, but uncultivated, uninhabited, unknown; from the waters it rose up exceeding fair. One day the birds and flowers, which sang and clustered there, sending their sweet offerings of perfume and of praise up to the Most High, beheld for the first time man. By night he had arrived, and when the morning light kissed away the drops that hung upon the flowers, the man was there. Dark was his countenance and dark was his mind, as was the night from whence his form had sprung; but to the night succeeding a dawn had broken on his soul, a sun had risen in his breast, which now was battling with the gloom that had fettered and oppressed his mind; and here the man had come to pray for strength to conquer all his inward foes, and here in solitude he tarried with the birds and flowers. Years passed away, and the hermit lived still upon the island: his only food was herbs, his only drink the spring; but he had found companions, for he had learned to know and love the birds who sang so sweetly to him, and the flowers that ever sprang before him in his path. Years passed away again, and now the old man had found peace—he had found peace of mind and happiness; round his head had come a halo of pure light, and often as he sat in the solemn evening hour, he felt upon his cheek the breath of angels' wings; and he could see before him, fresh risen from the ocean, an islet on which wandered shapes of glory, and from which came sounds of angels' voices, as they sang their everlasting songs of praise to the Almighty. Entranced by the glories of the islet, he prayed that he might be permitted to mingle with the spirits that were wandering and praising there . . . and thus his prayer was answered . . . from his side of the separating chasm sprang a path which, raised high above the golden waters, seemed to grow. And as the morning dawned upon each night that the old man passed in prayer, the abyss that separated him from the happy islet became narrower, until at length, the bridge completed . . . he left his earthly flowers and birds, and passed on to where the heavenly choir received him, and the flowers that never fade spring round God's throne."

I left Sark by the pretty little excursion steamer with great regret for Guernsey, and crossing thence to Southampton had a good view of the Casquets, where there are three revolving lights. These rocks are very dangerous, and the sea always shows its teeth round about there; we got a pitching and a ducking in their neighborhood, though elsewhere it had been calm. I will conclude with Professor Ansted's words about Sark: "Nowhere can the destroying power of the sea be better studied than in the grand scenes presented at every point round this remarkable island. Detached portions of the main island, others nearly detached, and only connected by natural bridges, or narrow necks of land; huge vaults through which the sea dashes at all times, or into which it penetrates only at high water; fragments of rock of all dimensions, some jagged and recently broken, some—and these the hardest and toughest—rounded and smooth, vast piles of smaller rocks heaped around: all these offer abundant illustrations of nature's course when the elements meet on the battle-field of an exposed coast, the tidal wave undermining and tearing asunder even the hardest porphyzized granites, however they may seem to present a bold front, and bear the reputation of being indestructible. The huge, isolated masses of rock, often pierced with large natural vaults or tunnels, form a kind of advanced guard in every direction, appearing to repel for a time the action of the waves, but really only serving as proofs of the destruction thus caused."

RODEN NOEL.

From The Saturday Review.

THE HABIT OF READING.

AN ingenious writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently exposed to the horrified public a new vice of the working-classes, as they are still facetiously called. It does not seem easy to invent, still less to discover in actual existence, a new vice. In Hawthorne's "Transformation" there is a mysterious character who is supposed by some to be a *revenant*, a Satanic evangelist from the old Roman world with the mission of reviving extinct iniquities. He certainly could not have brought up from the dead and buried world the terrible crime revealed by the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This gentleman has found out that many members of the poorer classes are victims of the detestable prac-

tice of reading too much. The author of "Lothair" said, with much truth, that the upper classes never read at all; and they at least must be moved by the terrible and unsuspected depravity of the new social layers. Reading tells on artisans (we are to believe) like drink, or rather like opium. They will read anything, just as Porson was ready to drink anything, from spirits of wine and stuffs for lamps, to cheap sherry. They will read scientific treatises, if they can get nothing better. Works on conic sections, philology, the theory of torpedoes, or the higher curves, minister to their diseased appetites. They will swallow a geological treatise as certain savages eat earth when they cannot get slugs or opossums. They can pass a happy hour with the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. These are their resources in desperate circumstances, when no novels and stories of adventure are to be had. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that they prefer stories of adventure to advertisements. Captain Mayne Reid shows them "the key of the happy golden land," and M. Gustave Aimard leads them against red-skins, black-skins, and yellow-skins. The *London Reader* supplies them with tales of social adventure, with the romance of virtuous indigence and vicious opulence. All the leisure hours of these abandoned artisans are devoted to reading, and, as they stitch at our coats, or paint our panels, or lay bricks for our houses, they live on memories of these happy entertainments. They exist in a *paradis artificiel*, as Charles Baudelaire would have said, to which opium and bang do not supply the "Open, sesame!" Thus hours of toil go by like a night of dreams; in their waking moments their eyes see little of the visible world. They are bent on printed pages which reveal a world of adventurous life in which weariness and want are forgotten. The bold burglar steals off to crack a crib, the knight carries away the Jewess on his saddle-bow, the earless trapper shoots the grizzly bear, the escaped convict hides in the sewers of Paris, the Countess of Rudolstadt flits from one to another deserted tower or haunted forest. The starveling tailor, the swinked mechanic, is for the hour like the gods in the "Strayed Reveler:" —

The gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes:
And see, below them,
The earth, and men:

No doubt the writer, in the *Pall Mall*

Gazette is right when he says that life in their artificial paradise is ruinous to the poor men who seek this refuge from care. There is not much to be said for them. It is plain that they may become as useless, shiftless, and forlorn as drunkards or opium-eaters, if they once abandon themselves to the habit of indiscriminate reading. One cannot even claim for them the praise of imaginative power. If people are truly imaginative, they find materials of thought and stuff for dreams in the moving spectacle of life. They are interested, not as gossips are interested, in the affairs of their neighbors and of the world. It is for want of original fancy that people turn to the materials of fancy ready-made, so to speak; to the manufactured article, as found in poems and novels. The raw material, which imagination ought to work on, lies around us everywhere. Some persons are so constituted that they avert their eyes from life, and look only at the reflection, or rather the picture of it, which is to be found in books. They do not care to observe life except in a magic mirror, like that of the Lady of Shalott; and, unlike her, they are never sick of shadows. There is a want of energy in the character of such people, and yet they win some sympathy from all bookish men. They only carry to excess the tendency of all scholars, historians, bibliographers. Book-worms of more complete development ought to feel not unkindly towards the poor do-nothing lovers of literature, the working-men who waste their time and money over books, as their more robust fellows do over pots of ale.

The temptation to become a mere book-worm is probably the besetting sin of most men of letters. Printed paper draws them magnetically, as Homer says iron draws the hands of a hero. They must always be reading; and they, like the depraved mechanic, find material in the newspaper sheets which are devoted to advertisements. What literature, indeed, can be more full of suggestion than the advertisements which tell us all that men need — the whole *farrago libelli* of human life — which reveal undreamed of and mysterious wants, and funds of incomprehensible supply? A man who has the habit of reading will not refuse a tract. There are often very good stories in tracts — in the first page and a half, that is to say — the honey-smeared lips of the cup which is sometimes full of wormwood. You get from tracts an insight into the habits of costermongers, and the incidents which diversify the life of cabmen (a very con-

vertible class). You are put on the track of unexpected analogies, between the daggerretype and conscience, for example, or some information about the art and mystery of rope-making goes before remarks (which may be skipped) about the bondage of bad habits. A man with the habit of reading has a Mahomedan respect for all printed paper. He finds things he is glad to know about in the scraps inserted in the binding of old books. Important facts meet him in the greasy country newspapers which lie on the tables of rural inns. He cannot take up a mouldy octavo on a stall but he learns something from the researches of a forgotten pedant. It is true that the confirmed reader may be missing something else that is worth looking at in human life, while he pores over the productions of the feeble or the mighty minds of old. On the other hand, he has so far the advantage over the mentally dissipated mechanic, that in everything he reads he finds grist for the mill that works up the solid literary vestments of old times into the marketable shoddy which is the raiment of the modern spirit. He is working at his trade, not neglecting it, unless he is one of those misers of reading who keep all they find to themselves. There is not much to be said for the habit of reading when it merely ministers to a man's contempt for people who live their lives in the sun and the wind and are careless of books.

There is this to be said for the habit of reading, that it fills up waste hours as nothing else does, except, perhaps, the refreshment of smoking. A man who can find amusement in any printed trash suffers less than others from long periods of waiting at railway stations. He exhausts the advertisements, and it is strange if he does not find on the bookstall some sixpenny volume which makes him laugh or wonder. The very cheapest and most trivial literature introduces you to an undreamed of world of readers and writers, about whose intellectual tastes and habits there is no other way of getting information. Who, for example, would know the whole truth about the mental vacuity of people of fashion if he did not, in some forlorn hour and place, read the literature which they love and help to construct? Who could fathom the depths of popular politics and political economy without aid from the journals of the uninstructed? Their novels are equally strange, and equally reward research. The habit of reading is invaluable, too, when a man is waiting at a dentist's or a doctor's. No hours of waiting for a ver-

dict can be more dreary; and he is blessed who can bury himself in old numbers of "Punch," in the paper of yesterday, and in goody-goody books about cruelty to animals.

It is a mistake to suppose that all born bookworms are people who have no interest in practical life, and no power of dealing with men and with circumstances. There never was a more confirmed bookworm than Napoleon, who, for all that, was, it will be allowed, "a man of action." In all his campaigns he carried a travelling library of novels. He had an official in Paris to look after his literary *en cas*. Just as the life of a servant was devoted to keeping a roast fowl always ready to be eaten, so this literary taster had to supply Napoleon with novels eternally fresh. From Moscow, from Madrid, he kept writing for new novels. He often complained that they were really too bad. He would read a few pages in his travelling carriage, and then throw the dull volumes out of the window, and turn, voracious, to a fresh packet. He projected a miniature travelling edition of all readable French literature, but the publication in the desired form proved too expensive, even for an emperor. This taste for trashy novels was not peculiar to Napoleon. Many men of active minds, even when refined taste is combined with activity, many judges, barristers, scholars, find rest and solace in the very poorest novels. As long as there is a plot, and a narrative, and a mystery, they are content.

The habit of reading is only noxious when it becomes, as it often does among indolent people, a disease. Their mental emptiness produces a morbid hunger; they must forever have a tattling paper in their hands. They can read only literature which deals with known people and with "personalities" and gossip, but of that they are insatiate. They have grafted on malice and idleness the form, but not the essence of the habit of reading. It is a habit which is depriving lecturers in the universities of their office, and which once threatened to silence orators. Fortunately it has been found that the speeches of orators are very useful as texts for the endless flow of printed matter which streams from the literary men. If Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield did not speak there would be nothing to write about, therefore nothing to read, and a serious void in the breakfast hour of respectable families. Bookworms ought to be anxious to have themselves marked off as a species distinct from mere newspaper worms. There is

something respectable in the habit of the bookworm, which causes libraries to be kept up and knowledge to be stored, while the devourer of the flying leaves of literature is another creature, a sort of butterfly or locust. He is indolent, ignorant, and retains nothing but a confused memory of gossip, with the wrong facts affixed to the wrong names. No honest bookworm would willingly share the habit of the newspaper devourer; he would rather consort with the depraved mechanic who lives in a fantastic world of romance. In him there may be the undeveloped germs of the scholar or poet; but the languid butterfly who settles on the leaves of the lighter press is generally nothing but a scandalmonger too lazy to walk and talk and pursue his profession in the old manner of the Backbites and Sneerwells. For the worthier habit of reading, Fulke Greville is the best apologist, with his confession of the advantage of retiring from 'the heavy wheels of fortune' to "the safe society of books and of dead men."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN AMERICAN ZOLLVEREIN.

SOME interest has been excited by a rumor, originating in a letter from the American correspondent of the *Times*, that negotiations were likely to be reopened between the government of the United States and the government of the Dominion of Canada for the settlement of the commercial controversy which has during the last fourteen years caused much trouble and loss to both countries. The statement in this simple and guarded form is likely enough to be correct. The Americans are quite shrewd enough to have seen long ago that they committed a grave blunder when they "denounced" the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada in 1864; and they have felt the consequences of that blunder all the more keenly since the period of unhealthy and abnormal prosperity which followed the war came to a sudden end in the crash of 1873. When the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated the Americans, with characteristic ignorance of Canadian feeling and character, and with equally characteristic self-conceit, were confident that Canada, unable to stand commercially alone and weakened in her political relations by the imperial policy or no-policy then prevailing at home, would throw herself without delay into the arms of the Republic. The domi-

nant school of politicians in this country, then every day expected to be relieved from the restraining influence of Lord Palmerston, and to develop its doctrines vigorously under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, had announced repeatedly and with energy that if the Canadians wished to become partners in the republican government of the United States England would not say a word, much less lift a finger, to prevent them. Accordingly, the American project of coercing Canada into an appreciation of the advantages of joining the Union had something more than fair play. Its complete failure was remarkable and instructive. The Canadians were justly angry, and perhaps a little alarmed. They set to work at once to secure the political strength without which their neighbors might wear them down in detail; and the Confederation Act of 1867 was in truth the Canadian retort upon the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. With equal courage, promptitude, and activity they proceeded to defend and develop their trade, and they soon found that they had little to fear from the competition of the Americans — so long, at least, as the latter bound themselves in the complicated trammels of an illogical and continually changing protective system. The growth of Canadian trade in the ten years succeeding the confederation of 1867 was very marked; and the Americans saw their hopes of inducing Canada to enter the Union by enforcing the threat of keeping her out in the cold gradually vanishing. Those hopes, however, revived as Canada began to suffer from the "hard times." The aggregate imports and exports of the Dominion amounted to \$194,000,000 in 1872, and to \$218,000,000 in 1874; in 1875 they fell to \$200,000,000, and in 1876 to \$174,000,000. Of course this decline of trade has caused much grumbling, and the protectionists have used it to push their attack upon free-trade principles and their very limited acceptance in practice by the government and parliament of Canada. Of course, too, there are many Canadians who see that if the American market were open to them they could make a much better fight for commercial existence. But the United States are wedded to a protectionist policy; and there seems very little hope for the present that any material change will be made in the American tariff, whatever may be the vicissitudes of parties at Washington. It is foolish to build upon the fact — if it be a fact — that the Democrats are by principle and tradition a free-trad-

ing party. The late and the present House of Representatives, though governed by a Democratic majority, have done nothing to promote free trade.

The Americans are able to say, therefore, that if the Canadians want to procure admission to the markets of the Republic they must accept protection as an established fact and make terms with it accordingly. The correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the United States government is considering proposals to be addressed to the government of the Dominion, not for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, but for the inclusion of Canada and the States in a customs union with a uniform tariff. Undoubtedly this would open the American markets to Canadian trade; and, if the advantages are so great as the Americans contend, the Canadians may possibly be tempted to look at the offer. But we have no doubt that upon consideration they will see, what is perfectly obvious, that, even supposing the advantages to be as clear as any one ventures to assert, the price demanded is too high. In the first place, Canada by entering a customs union would abandon her freedom of action altogether. Commercial treaties may be abrogated or altered from time to time, but when once Canada had become a partner in the American Zollverein she would find it impossible to withdraw. The frontier customs line and all the organizations connected with it would be abolished — an excellent thing in itself no doubt; but plainly it would be hard to re-establish the system when people had once got used to its absence, and freedom of trade across the St. Lawrence had become as familiar as freedom of trade across the Mississippi. Canada, however, is not inclined thus to burn her boats. Even if she were, the rights of this coun-

try would have to be regarded. The correspondent of the *Times* is of opinion that "if the Dominion were assured of perfect liberty of action" the American proposals would have considerable chance of acceptance. The testimony of the writer, no doubt, may be trusted so far as the prevalent views of politicians in the United States are concerned, but we hesitate to place implicit confidence in his evidence as to Canadian feeling. Citizens of the United States are generally wrong in all their notions about Canada, and we fancy they are mistaken in thinking that the mass of the Canadian people would be prepared, on any inducement, to enter into relations with the United States which would operate against this country as if it were a foreign power. It is true that Canada has legislated in a protective sense against British manufacturers, but there has been at least an equality in the treatment of all commerce outside of the Dominion. Under the proposed Zollverein Canada would keep out British products, for the benefit mainly of the cotton-spinners of Massachusetts and the iron-merchants of Pennsylvania. We doubt, as we have said, whether such a scheme has the slightest chance of being entertained by any important section of the Canadians, protectionist or free-trading, conservative or liberal. It is well to observe that the protectionist party in Canada, which might naturally be expected to favor a project of this character, is mainly composed of conservatives, who look with extreme dislike upon American institutions and are warm supporters of the imperial connection. But, whatever might be the opinion of the moment in Canada, it is quite clear that the sanction of the Parliament here to the creation of an American Zollverein could not be easily obtained.

HAZLITT'S PORTRAIT OF LAMB. — A portrait round which a very exceptional amount of literary interest clusters has, according to the *Athenaeum*, been offered to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery for purchase. It is a likeness of Charles Lamb, painted by the artist and essayist, William Hazlitt, and presented to Coleridge; Coleridge left it to his friend and host, Mr. Gillman, and from the widow of Mr. Gillman it has come to its present owner, Mr. Moger. The likeness has been spoken of with special approval by Crabb Robinson in his diary. This picture represents Lamb at the age of about thirty,

in a sixteenth-century Spanish costume, half length and full size; the amount of lifelike, variable expression in the face is very considerable, and the execution is sufficiently good to show that Hazlitt, however superior he may have been as a writer, was not by any means without capacity as a painter. A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of Mrs. Moxon; there cannot be a doubt that the original is the one now offered by Mr. Moger for purchase. It has been engraved in one of the collections of Lamb's letters, but the oil picture is vastly better than the engraving.